

Confederate Veteran

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NO. 5



ERECTED AND DEDICATED BY THE
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
AND FRIENDS
IN LOVING MEMORY OF

ROBERT E. LEE

AND TO MARK THE ROUTE OF THE
DIXIE HIGHWAY

"THE SHAFT MEMORIAL AND HIGHWAY STRAIGHT
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— LITTLEFIELD —

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Unveiled on Sunday Afternoon, May 2, 1926

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Have You a Souvenir of
The War between the States?



MISS WINNIE DAVIS

Daughter of the Confederacy

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SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1926.

No. 5.

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THE VETERAN'S REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

During the reunion in Birmingham, the VETERAN will have headquarters in the lobby of the Tutwiler Hotel, where old friends and new will be cordially welcomed by its representative.

CONFESSIOAL.

BY HUGH GAYLOR BARCLAY.

Our land of blighted hope knows well
The cost grim war must pay;
Knows well the story war did tell
Of feud between the Blue and Gray.
Some of us, Lord, remember yet;
O, help us to forgive—forget!

Haply we drank too deep of Hope
"The Chalice," hate says, "swathed in greed!"
O, what a witless, wanton trope
To fitly stress base envy's need!
And yet, dear Lord—and yet—and yet—
O, help us to forgive—forget.

We know that we were proud—and spoiled;
Proud of the Epic hist'ry told
Of men up towering height had toiled
Who never had their birthright sold!
Is there in this aught to regret?
Yet, teach us to forgive—forget!

Aye, we were spoiled—like ancient band
To whom Jehovah gave his best:
A fair and fertile promised land
Where safe from Pharaoh they could rest!
Aye, we had noble land—and yet,
We sometimes did our God forget.

O, God of Nations, point the way
That henceforth thou wouldst have us plod.
And soon let dawn that halcyon day
When we shall know thou art our God
Who loves us in our vain regret,
And teach us to forgive—forget.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

ILLITERACY OUT OF THE SOUTH.

Such as the following is good reading for those who think that the South is far behind the other sections of this great country in literacy. This item is copied from the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., and must therefore be so. Read it:

"Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, National Director of the National Illiteracy Crusade, just organized, and who is in charge of the newly opened headquarters here, disclosed these findings:

"There are 10,000 who cannot read or write in the city of Washington.

"Philadelphia has nearly 60,000 illiterates.

"New York City has enough to make a city the size of Denver.

"Pennsylvania has enough to populate two States the size of Wyoming.

"Ohio has more native-born white illiterates than has the State of Mississippi.

"There are many counties in the United States where twenty-five to thirty per cent of the people are unable to read and write, and some counties where forty to fifty per cent are illiterate.

"Five million men and women in this country have completely missed school.

"More can be done during the next five years in eliminating illiteracy than has been done in fifty years before," said Mrs. Stewart. "Many States and communities are now waging a war against illiteracy, and they are determined that the Federal census takers of 1930 shall not find one in their neighborhood who cannot read or write. They feel that illiteracy is a disgrace."

IN GOODLY COMPANY.

The following, taken from the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh, N. C., disposes of the recent emanations from that G. A. R. Post in Pennsylvania which seemed to feel the need of getting before the public in some vicious way. Doubtless this was soothing:

"TALKING OF 'ARCH TRAITORS.'

"Somebody ought to take up a collection and transport to Washington the members of that G. A. R. Camp in Pennsylvania which recently declared that Robert E. Lee was a traitor to his country and the military leader of an armed rebellion against the government of the United States having as its object the destruction of the Union, and if Robert E. Lee had received his just dues he would have been hanged and the scaffold preserved as a monument to his infamy.

"Those provincial fireeaters would find that, with the approval of the Congress of the United States of America, representing forty-eight sovereign States, the statue of Robert E. Lee stands near to that of George Washington—*par nobile fratrum*—in the Capitol at Washington. In all the history of the world there have not been two great men so much alike. Indeed, as has been said, 'Washington was lonesome in heaven until Lee arrived.' Both were rebels against

authority; both fought honorably. If Washington had lost, he would still have been the great figure he is. Lee's fame rises higher because of failure to attain his objective, because in defeat he had a nobility and grandeur unequalled except by that of Washington in victory.

"If Lee was an 'arch traitor,' so was George Washington. It is good company, and the superheated Pennsylvanians will live to see the day they will be ashamed of their resolution."

"THESE THINGS SHALL BE!"

These things shall be; a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

—John Addington Symonds.

FOR THE VETERAN.

Such a letter as this is great encouragement to the VETERAN, and especially as coming from one so interested in the future of this journal of Southern history. Comrade George C. Jenkins, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "Inclosed is my check to your order for one hundred dollars. Apply \$15.00 of it on my subscription, and the balance of \$85.00 accept as a gift to the VETERAN. Often I read accounts in it that remind of my soldier life in the Confederate army from 1862 to 1865. The records of our society here make me one of the oldest Confederates in Maryland. This coming October, if living, will mark my starting on the ninety-first milestone of life."

The letter is written in firm, clear script, equal to that of a man of fifty. May this good friend have many, many more years of health and happiness.

YOUNG READERS OF THE VETERAN.—In sending a subscription to the VETERAN for his greatnephew, Rev. George D. Ewing, of Pattonsburg, Mo., writes: "This boy had two great-great-great-grandfathers who were soldiers under General Washington, and one of them gave his life on the battle field for the liberties which his descendants now enjoy. Give these youngsters an opportunity to more fully understand their homeland, and they will ever be true to the heroes who gave them the blessings of a democracy. There is nothing better for them than high moral literature which will teach them correctly of the sturdy stock from which they came."

PRISONERS OF WAR.

From time to time the following item appears in the press of the country:

"Q. Did the Union army or the Confederate capture more prisoners?

"A. There were 211,411 Union soldiers captured by the Confederates and 462,634 Confederate soldiers captured by the Union forces."

The information given brings up a question of accuracy. The figures seem to have been gotten from an article in the "Photographic History of the Civil War" (Volume VII page 186), in which the following is given as taken from a statement by the Adjutant General, U. S. A., who, in 1908, published a memorandum summarizing the results of his investigations. He says:

"According to the best information now obtainable from both Union and Confederate records, it appears that 211,411 Union soldiers were captured during the Civil War, of which number 16,668 were paroled on the field and 30,218 died while in captivity; and that 462,634 Confederate soldiers were captured during that war, of which number 247,769 were paroled on the field and 25,976 died in captivity."

As the accepted enrollment of the Confederate army is something over 600,000, it seemed incredible that two-thirds of that number should have been captured and over

ASSISTANT TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL, U. C. V.



MRS. WINNIE BOOTH KERNAN, OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mrs. Kernan is a daughter of the late Gen. A. B. Booth, who served as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V., for several years, and in assisting her father she became familiar with the details of the work. On his death in 1923 she was directed by the Commander in Chief to keep on with the work and was given the official title of "Assistant to the Adjutant General," the first woman to be thus honored, and she has filled the position most acceptably. She keeps a careful account of the finances of the United Confederate Veterans and attends to the heavy correspondence and other details of the office. She will be at official headquarters in Birmingham, ready to attend to any demands of the office.

5 *

a third held in captivity during a large part of the war. Referring this to Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., who has delved so deeply into official records, brought the following response:

"The Hon. Charles Francis Adams said (I believe) that the Confederacy had, first and last, 1,277,000 men in the field, and this statement is that 462,634 of these were captured by the Union army during the four years of war. In other words, according to this statement, and *allowing Mr. Adams to go unchallenged*, a little over one-third the entire strength of our army was at one period of the conflict (at least) in our opponent's hands.

"In McKim's book on the strength of the Confederate army, he quotes Gen. Marcus Wright as saying there were 275,000 men in the Southern armies at the close of the war, and I presume these were included by the statement shown in the "Photographic History" as part of the total captured. This, however, leaves about 187,000 to have been actually caught, which would roughly average 47,000 per year, 4,000 per month, 1,000 per week, and 130 per day for the entire year. Even with Forts Henry and Donelson, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and other smaller capitulations and some large captures on the battle field, such as that of the Wilderness, I, like you, will have to have some more facts before I will even try to swallow the dose."

In the same year that the Adjutant General published his memorandum (1908), an article on the subject appeared in the *Southern Practitioner*, of Nashville, Tenn., contributed by the late Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., who was a surgeon in the Confederate army. He made an effort to get some information from the War Department as to the number of Union soldiers in Confederate prisons at the close of the war, to which he received the following response:

"Because of the total absence of returns of Union soldiers in the hands of the Confederates during the last few months of the Civil War, it is impossible to determine the number of Union soldiers held in Confederate prisons who were released at the close of that war.—F. C. Ainsworth, *Military Secretary*."

In the same article, Dr. Lewis refers to the report of "Surgeon General Barnes," which has been so extensively quoted by different writers and speakers, notable among them being Alexander H. Stephens, Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, President Davis, and others, and also used in an editorial by the *National Intelligencer* of June 2, 1869, which he considers good authority. Yet at the Surgeon General's Office in Washington, D. C., he was told that the office had no knowledge of any such report having been made, and, furthermore, that Surgeon General Barnes was not in position to acquire the information that would enable him to make such a report. However, that report was made somewhere, for the *National Intelligencer* states editorially, June 2, 1869:

"Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army and War Office, year before last, made a full report on this subject, showing these startling statistics: that from first to last during the war, the Confederates captured of Union soldiers and held in Southern prisons, in round numbers, 270,000 men; and that the Unionists captured of Confederate soldiers and held in Northern prisons, in round numbers, 220,000 men. Yet, that there died in Northern prisons, in round numbers, 28,000 Southern soldiers; and in Southern prisons, in round numbers, 22,000."

The report imputed to Surgeon General Barnes went unchallenged through many years, and there was no question as to its genuineness. Yet the War Office had no record of

any such report. Well, other important papers have made a mysterious disappearance, such as Lincoln's famous Bixby letter. It is most unfortunate that so many of the Confederate records were destroyed, but it does seem that there should be some means of getting at the number of Union soldiers released from prison at the close of the war. The VETERAN would welcome a volunteer for such investigation.

THE SOUTH JUSTIFIED IN SECESSION.

BY MAJ. G. W. B. HALE, ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

In justification of the South, in order to prove that the South had the constitutional prerogative to withdraw and establish an autonomy—a self-government—I had an article published in the VETERAN of July, 1925, quoting from a number of distinguished statesmen and authorities—all from the North—upholding the constitutional right of the South to secede. Among the authorities quoted were Lincoln, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Rev. Charles Beecher Stowe ("son of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), and Judge Black, all of whom expressed in a positive way that the South in no manner violated a fundamental law of the nation in withdrawing from the Union.

Of course, the sequel proves that the act at that time was impolitic and, in some respects, decidedly indiscreet, inasmuch as the possibility of war and coercion were not sanely considered. No proper steps were taken by the South in preparing for a possible conflict, relying, as it did, solely on a generally accepted dogma that each State in itself was a sovereign, a nation. The South failed to appreciate the character of the ruling factors of the North, who have always fostered the principle that might is right and, in maintaining that idea, have never hesitated, before the war and since the war, to carry it out regardless of justice, humanity, and morality. May I mention here the injustice, ingratitude, and inhumanity of the McKinley-Hannah administration when that iniquitous crime was committed against the people of the Philippine Islands (allies of the United States in the war with Spain; and who had practically won their independence from Spain) in making them subjects of the United States by might and cruel force against their will and strenuous opposition?

Senator Wellington, who had worked against the ratification of the clause which made the Filipinos subjects of the United States, called on President McKinley, who, he positively states, told him that it was not his purpose "to hold the Filipinos against their consent"; and, upon that promise, he changed his vote and voted for the ratification of the treaty. "Without my vote," said he, "it would not have been ratified." The above statement by Senator Wellington was reiterated and read before an audience at Cumberland, Md., on September 4, 1900. This government at that time was a *de facto* republic, and would no doubt still be so but for the duplicity of a Republican President. It is now an empire and has been so for the last twenty-five years, the date of the Filipino subjection.

In the War between the States, two hundred thousand of the best and bravest of the South were innocently and ruthlessly slain or wounded, and billions of her property wantonly destroyed. On the other hand, six hundred thousand Northern troops were killed or wounded. What a catastrophe! and what for? Lincoln said "it was not to free the negroes." Grant said it was not for that purpose. Said he: "If I thought it was, I would resign and join the Southern army." A great many of the Northern soldiers were forced into the ranks.

The troops of the South were mostly volunteers, and knowingly fought against invasion and for the right to self-government, the same incentives for which our Revolutionary fathers fought. The withdrawal from the Union was no public crime, no immoral act. It was simply an act to peaceably separate from a section of the Union with which the South, for many reasons, could not harmonize, from a section that disclaimed the validity of the Constitution, the fundamental organic law of our common nation; a section that publicly indorsed the vile, incendiary purposes of that assassin, John Brown, who came South armed with pikes, spears, cutlasses, guns, and pistols to help the slaves to murder their masters in order to accomplish their purpose; a section that furnished such war implements to John Brown and his band; a section that has erected monuments to his memory and mourned in its churches over his summary execution; a section where a State, by legislative act, voted to appropriate \$2,800 to preserve the John Brown cabin at Ossawatimie, Kans., in memory of the notorious assassin, who murdered seventeen men from the South, who had settled in Kansas, four of whom were from Virginia, tenants of Robert E. Lee, who gave them money and means to emigrate. These men were raided during the night by Brown and his band and "led out into the yard in presence of wife and mother and slashed to death. Their lone crime was that they came from a slave State." From a section that made it a daily custom to deride the South, and which published to the outside world that we were ignorant, without honor or morality, and grossly cruel to our slaves. How much longer could we remain united with a people so abounding in hatred against the people south of the Mason and Dixon Line?

The war was inevitable. "Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue." Had we not parted at that time, our children would have surely done so. Our Northern maligners were not, as a body, in the majority; but at that time they held control of the government. "Had a referendum been taken, coercion never would have been adopted." "Let the South go in peace," was loudly clamored, "for it has undoubtedly the constitutional right to do so." So strongly was this opinion manifested in the North that Mr. Davis could not be tried for treason, a decision come to after two years' deliberation.

This article is written, in my eighty-sixth year, positively free from malice. It has been written simply for the purpose of justifying the cause that rendered secession a natural desideratum and to prove that no fundamental law was violated in so doing, that our act was in legal accord with the Constitution of the United States. Having proved this to be true, how can I hesitate in placing the responsibility of that horrible four years of war on Mr. Lincoln and his fanatical collaborators. Some of the Northern historians were strongly prejudiced and have published many statements untrue and unjust in regard to the War between the States. In a measure, they were ignorant of the real facts. To-day I believe many of those statements would be retracted or modified, as the virulence that characterized their dislike has in a great measure been abated. Since the war I have traveled much in the North, and its citizens have always met me with kindness and hospitality. At Buffalo, N. Y., I was a guest of the city for an entire week in company with twenty Southern gentlemen in advertising and displaying the products of the South and inviting capital investments. Our reception was grand and our quondam enemies were exceedingly gracious. The people of the North, save the fanatical element, are a splendid population. They are coming South in great numbers, and we heartily welcome them—just

so they leave their John Browns at home. They have helped to resuscitate the South. Her resurrection has been wonderful, and to-day she is the liveliest territory in the United States.

In conclusion, I wish to insert a few more opinions publicly expressed on the subject matter by the most distinguished statesmen and writers of the North. President Buchanan wrote to Stanton, Secretary of War: "There is no power under the Constitution to coerce a seceding State." Charles Sumner said: "Nothing can possibly be so horrible, so wicked, or so foolish as a war against the South." William Seward wrote to the London *Times*, April 4, 1861: "It would be contrary to the spirit of American government to use force to subjugate the South." He also wrote to Charles Francis Adams, April 10, 1861: "Only a despotic and imperial government can coerce seceding States." George Lunt, Massachusetts historian, said: "The majority in the North believe that Lincoln had no right to coerce the States."

In the platform of the Republican Party, we find the following: "We denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State, no matter *what pretext*, as among the gravest crimes." Senator Wade, Ohio, said: "I am not one to ask the South to stay in *such* a Union as *this*. The people of the South have the right to secede."

John Quincy Adams, while President, in a speech to West Point cadets, said that each State had a right to secede. Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States, who was then the governor of Ohio, talking to W. D. Glover, said: "I do not wish to have the slave emancipated because I love him, but because I hate his master." In Morse's "Abraham Lincoln," Volume 11, is the following: "It was not the army, nor was it Congress that prevented compromise and peace in the fall of 1862, but Lincoln with his mailed hand on the throats of the border States, and by these alone that he was against the South succeeding in its purpose."

I have gathered these statements from a number of books, journals, and pamphlets which I have been filing for a number of years for future use, and presented them in a concise form that readers of the *VETERAN* may diagnose and form an authoritative conception of the cause and character of that war which deluged the States south of the Mason and Dixon line with blood and horrors. "Let this tongue of mine cleave to the roof of my mouth, and this right hand forget its cunning" if I fail to vindicate at the bar of history the name and fame of the land I love.

"Ah, realm of tears! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

LINCOLN'S BUST AT THE TECHNOLOGICAL COLLEGE OF TEXAS.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

The bust of Lincoln ornaments the Technological College of Texas with Washington and Lee. Hon. Amon G. Carter, President of the Board of Regents, writes that the selections were made by Dr. Horn, president of the college.

I assume that Dr. Horn was educated in the schools of the South when the school histories used were written by Northern authors. Therefore, his idea must be to deify Lincoln and brand Davis and Lee as traitors. I assume he never read a true history of the War between the States. Of all the inhumanity and spoliation perpetrated by Mr. Lincoln's generals during the war, to them he interposed but one objection.

He revoked part of a proclamation issued by General Fremont in Missouri, in 1861, in which the latter gave orders to kill and burn in the event of certain contingencies mentioned, and that revocation was based on the sole ground that "it would injure our prospects in Kentucky and would provoke retaliation."

When he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, it was the belief and hope of thousands in the North that the slaves would rise in insurrection against the women and children of the South, as it applied to slaves in the Confederate lines only, parts of Louisiana, Virginia, and all of Tennessee, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky being exempted from its provisions.

On October 11, 1864, General Sheridan reported to General Grant that in the Valley of Virginia he captured and destroyed the following property: 3,772 horses; 545 mules; 8 sawmills burned; 1,200 barns burned; 7 furnaces destroyed; 4 tanneries destroyed; 436,802 bushels of wheat; 20,000 bushels of oats; 77,017 bushels of corn; 874 barrels of flour; 20,379 tons of hay; 500 tons of fodder; 450 tons of straw; 10,918 beef cattle; 250 calves; 12,000 sheep; 2,500 bushels of potatoes; 15,000 swine; 12,000 pounds of bacon and hams.

Concluding his report, he says: "I know of no way to exterminate them (the people of the Valley) except to burn out the whole country and let the people go North or South."

These dastardly acts of rapine were approved by Mr. Lincoln in the following letter:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 22, 1864.

"*Major General Sheridan:* With great pleasure I tender you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864.

"Your obedient servant, ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

March 1, 1864, Colonel Dahlgren left Washington with orders to sack and burn Richmond and kill President Davis and his Cabinet. Soon after Dahlgren was killed near Richmond, and these orders were found on his person by the Confederates. Did Mr. Lincoln know nothing of those orders?

General Sherman, in his history, says that after deporting the citizens of Atlanta and burning the city, he devastated a strip of country sixty miles wide between Atlanta and Savannah, taking and destroying \$3,000,000 worth of property, \$1,000,000, of which was used for his army and the balance was waste. When he reached the latter city, he wired Lincoln, giving him Savannah for a Christmas gift. Mr. Lincoln gratefully thanked him for his wonderful success; at least half of that success was theft and incendiarism.

To say nothing of Columbia and Atlanta, thousands of helpless women, children, and old men were left without shelter or food by Lincoln's myrmidons during the war, all of which he, as commander in chief of the armies of the United States, could have prevented; but, instead, he tacitly or overtly approved their vandalism.

During the World War, President Roosevelt took occasion to criticize the Germans for conducting the war in a savage and inhuman manner, and, in comparing the differences between the Germans and Americans in war, gave but two instances of American humanity—viz.: General Lee's proclamation when he entered Pennsylvania in 1863, directing his soldiers to respect noncombatants and private property, and the case of Admiral Semmes who, when he captured a ship of the enemy containing some women and children, required his officers to abandon their comfortable quarters and give them

to the women and children, who occupied them till he could land them at a neutral port. The Admiral also surrendered his own quarters to the women and children. Roosevelt gave these two instances for the South, as he could give none for the North.

Mr. Lincoln did not thank General Lee and Admiral Semmes for showing humanity to Northern women and children. And this is the same Lincoln whom Dr. Horn selected for the young men and women of Texas to honor and admire.

"LINCOLN AS A STRATEGIST."

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

While July, 1863, is commonly deemed the high-water mark of the Confederacy, apparently the summer of 1864 may be considered the low-water mark of the Northern States. In a general way it has been known that the opposition to Mr. Lincoln in Republican circles at that period made his renomination uncertain, but the reason for that opposition has not been clear. The following extract from an article entitled "Lincoln as a Strategist," contributed to the *Forum*, February, 1926, by Sir Frederick Maurice, incidentally presents a picture that is in a measure new and may be of interest to readers of the *VETERAN*. This English writer says:

"The slow and bloody progress through Virginia to the James, the failure of the first assaults on Lee's lines around Petersburg, the appearance of Early before the gates of the capital, produced a greater sense of disillusionment and of disappointment than had followed Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburg or Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville. The *New York World*, which had been exceptionally friendly to the commander in chief, asked on July 11: 'Who shall revive the withered hopes that bloomed on the opening of Grant's campaign?' And nine days before Congress had invited the President to appoint a day for national prayer and humiliation. Horace Greeley attempted to open negotiations for peace by meeting Confederate Commissioners at Niagara, and in the middle of July two other semiofficial seekers for peace, James F. Jacques and J. R. Gilmour, had gone to Richmond, only to be told by the Southern President: 'If your papers tell the truth, it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. . . . In a military view I should certainly say our position is better than yours.' Greeley, despite the failure of his journey to Niagara, resumed his efforts to end the war, and, on August 9, wrote to the President: 'Ninety-ninths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace—peace on almost any terms—and utterly sick of human slaughter and devastation. I beg you, implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And, in case peace cannot now be made, consent to an armistice of one year, each party to retain unmolested all it now holds, but the rebel ports to be opened.'

"Not only was there this pressure from outside; there was discord within. Chase had resigned, a presidential election was drawing near, and there were outspoken predictions of a Republican defeat. The North was feeling as it had never felt before the strain of a prolonged conflict, and the nerves of even the most constant were a-twitter, while, as a culmination of Lincoln's political perplexities, the rumblings of opposition to the draft, which had just become law, were growing daily louder. If ever a harassed statesman was justified in asking his generals to do something which would help him in his political trials, surely Lincoln would have been justified in so doing in August, 1864.

"But what happened? Early in August the grumblings

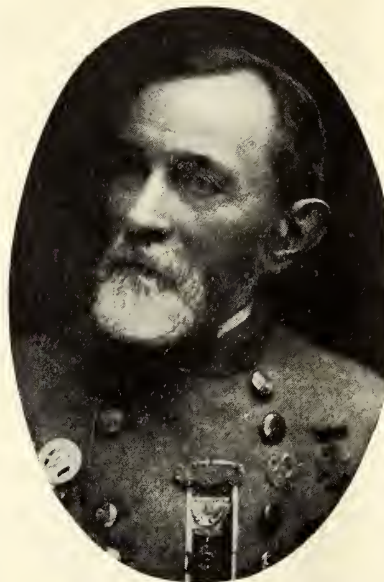
against the draft had alarmed Halleck, and on the eleventh of that month he told Grant: 'Pretty strong evidence is accumulating that there is a combination formed, or forming, to make a forcible resistance to the draft in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky, and perhaps some of the other States. The draft must be enforced, for otherwise the army cannot be kept up. But to enforce it may require the withdrawal of a considerable number of troops from the field. This possible, and I think very probable, exigency must be provided for.' Four days later, on the evening of August 15, Grant answered from the lines before Petersburg: 'If there is any danger of an uprising in the North to resist the draft, or for any other purpose, our loyal governors ought to organize the militia at once to resist it. If we are to draw troops from the field to keep the loyal States in harness, it will prove difficult to suppress the rebellion in the disloyal States. My withdrawal from the James River would mean the defeat of Sherman.'"

COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.

The death of Maj. Gen. William C. Harrison, commanding the Pacific Division, U. C. V., is a great loss to our Confederate organization, and

his passing will be widely felt. Death came to him on March 25, after some months of suffering, brought on by a serious fall in September, 1925.

William Cole Harrison was the son of James W. and Sarah Talbot Harrison, and grandson of William Cole Harrison (a first cousin of Gen. William Henry Harrison) and of John Quarles Talbot, who was wounded in the battle of New Orleans. He was born August 15, 1841, in East Feliciana Parish,



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM C. HARRISON.

La., and died at his home in Los Angeles, Calif.

Enlisting at Waterproof, La., in the Tensas Rifles, under Captain Tanney, in April, 1861, he was sent to Camp Moore, Tangipahoa Parish, with this command, which was mustered in as Company H, of the 6th Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A. When the regiment was ordered to Virginia, being ill at the time, he was invalided back to New Orleans, but as soon as he became well enough he promptly joined the Crescent City Guards, under Capt. George Soule, which later became Company A, Crescent Regiment, Marshall J. Smith, colonel. The regiment left New Orleans on March 6, 1862, for Corinth, Miss., and received its baptismal fire in the battle of Shiloh. The Crescent Regiment was later disbanded at Tupelo, Miss., and young Harrison was transferred to the 18th Louisiana, but, before reporting for duty, he was ordered to report to John F. Young, Medical Purveyor, Hardee's Corps, at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was detailed to the Quartermaster's Department at Marietta, Ga., and was placed at the "Transportation Desk." At his own solicitation, when

Sherman began pressing his advance from Dalton, Ga., Comrade Harrison was relieved from his indoor duties and at once joined Captain Blue's company of the 20th Regiment, Louisiana Infantry, of which Leon Van Zinken was colonel. He was at Resaca, Adairsville, Decatur, Atlanta, and was wounded on August 3, 1864, at East Point, and was sent to the hospital at Macon, where he was paroled on May 27, 1865.

Returning to New Orleans, he took an active part during the reconstruction era in helping to rid his State of the carpet-baggers. He was a member of the "Knights of the White Camelia" and participated in the July riot at the Mechanics' Institute on July 20, 1866, which broke up the "Carpetbag Legislature of Louisiana," then in session. He was later a sergeant in Company G, of the Crescent City White League, and took part in the memorable battle on the river front at the foot of Canal Street, September 14, 1874, with the armed force of the Metropolitan Police and the negro militia under Gen. A. S. Badger. He was likewise with Company G on January 9, 1877, when the police stations (arsenals) and courts were captured, and practically until the final recognition of Gen. Francis T. Nicholls as Louisiana's governor. His name is on the "Roll of Honor" issued by Gen. Fred Ogden.

He was a graduate doctor of medicine in the University of Louisiana in the class of 1882, and continued in the active practice of his profession until about ten years ago, and had held the position of secretary of the United States Pension Board at Los Angeles since 1913.

General Harrison was a charter member of the "Association of the Army of Tennessee," now Camp No. 2 U. C. V., of New Orleans, and resigned as its surgeon upon his removal to Los Angeles in 1888; and he was largely instrumental in organizing the Confederate Veteran Association of California, which is "Camp No. 770 U. C. V." In that he had held the offices of Commander, Surgeon, and Adjutant, the latter for more than twenty years, and aided in keeping up the Camp and promoting its welfare generally.

He was appointed Brigadier General commanding the California Brigade in 1904, by General Cabell, and in 1906 was elected to command the Pacific Coast Division, U. C. V., and reflected every year since. He had attended most of the Confederate reunions, the last one at Memphis, in 1924, and was also at the Gettysburg Reunion in 1913.

General Harrison was a constant subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and did much in its behalf through many years. To the last he retained an undying love for our great generals, his old comrades, and the land of Dixie. He was married in 1864 to Miss Mary J. Lattner, daughter of Thomas J. Lattner, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who was commissary sergeant of the 19th Tennessee Regiment. Two daughters survive him, also three grandchildren.

WHEN COLONEL WASHINGTON WAS KILLED.

The following notes make an interesting addition to the article on Colonel Washington as published in the March VETERAN. These notes are from Maj. Theodore F. Lang's "Loyal West Virginia" and were sent to the VETERAN by Roy B. Cook, of Charleston, W. Va. Major Lang says:

"Colonel Washington was lifted into an ambulance that was sent for and taken to the headquarters of Colonel Wagner. He lived but a few minutes. The death of Colonel Washington put an end to the skirmishing that had been going on all morning, and General Lee, without attacking our position in force, withdrew his army from our front.

"The following day a flag of truce brought to our outpost a small squad of the enemy, with the following communication addressed to General Reynolds:

"HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ON VALLEY RIVER,
September 14, 1861.

"The General Commanding United States Troops, Huttonsville, Va.

"General: Lieut. Col. John A. Washington, my aid-de-camp, while riding yesterday with a small escort, was fired upon by your pickets, and, I fear, killed. Should such be the case, I request that you will deliver to me his body; or should he be a prisoner in your hands, that I be informed of his condition.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General Commanding."

"Of course, General Reynolds sent the body under flag of truce as requested. The body, which had been tenderly laid out and placed in an ambulance, was sent in charge of Colonel Hascall, of the 17th Indiana, who was met at the outpost by Maj. W. H. F. Lee and others. The transfer of the body was attended with a great deal of courteous military ceremony. Upon Colonel Hascall's arrival, he advanced and, meeting Major Lee, saluted and handed him the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ELKWATER, VA.,
September 14, 1861.

"To the Commanding Officer, Confederate Forces, Tygarts Valley.

"Sir: By direction of the general commanding this post, I forward under flag of truce the remains of Col. John A. Washington, that his friends may with more certainty obtain them. There was not time last night after his recognition to communicate.

"Very respectfully, etc.,
GEORGE S. ROSE, A. A. General."

"After the transfer of the body from our ambulance to their own, officers shook hands and parted, each going to the northward and southward as duty called, and all being deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion."

Mr. Cook adds the following:

"I have also read that Whitelaw Reid was with the party that took the body back. This may have been in 'Ohio in the War,' or some of his letters from the front to the Cincinnati papers. But at any rate, so good a Washington authority as Hon. Charles Callahan, says:

"Colonel Washington, it would seem, was the only man struck. His detachment retreated, and Col. J. H. Morrow, of the 39th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, appearing on the scene, made an effort to relieve the fallen officer, but his wound was mortal, and he died in a few minutes with his head resting on Colonel Morrow's lap, without regaining consciousness. Mr. Washington was forty years of age at the time of his death. His remains were first buried in Fauquier County, Va., but afterwards removed to the family burying ground at Charlestown, W. Va."

"General Lee, writing to his family from Valley Mountain, on August 9, 1861, says: 'I find that our old friend, J. J. Reynolds, of West Point memory, is in command of the troops immediately in front of us. . . . Fitzhugh was the bearer of a flag the other day and recognized him. He was very polite and made inquiries of us all.'"

WILLIAM L. YANCEY, THE ORATOR.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, DADDEVILLE, ALA.

Oratory was the form of literature first to be developed to comparative perfection. In every epoch of the world's history, it has been a potent factor in influencing the minds of men.

Among the famous orators of Greece were Socrates, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Pericles. Cicero, Mark Antony, and Cato represented Roman oratory at its best. At the time of the American and French revolutions, we recall Pitt, Mansfield, Sheridan, Burke, Fox, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, and Richard Henry Lee.

Probably no equal period in the history of the world produced so many remarkable orators as that during the slavery controversy in the United States. The "great trio," Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, deserve special mention. Others were Douglas, Everett, Choate, Phillips, Blaine, Curtis, Hill, Toombs, Hilliard, and Yancey.

Prominent among these was William L. Yancey, the stanch advocate and defender of "State Rights." Mr. Yancey's father died when he was three years old, leaving him to the care of his mother, a woman of remarkable mind and strong character. It was her pleasure to direct his education during the formative period of his life. She loved to tell him of his father's brilliant career and endeavored to inspire the son with ideals of true greatness. She encouraged him in the art of speaking and set apart regular hours for intensive training. She stressed the importance of composure, grace of attitude, and proper enunciation. The boy's favorite selection for declamation was the hymn, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand."

How prophetic these words were of his stormy but triumphant career!

When he had attained eminence as an orator, Mr. Yancey often referred to the enduring influence of his mother's care in shaping his life.

The young man received his academic training in some of the best preparatory schools in the country. Thus equipped, he entered Williams College in Massachusetts. As an editor on the staff of the *Adelphi*, the college journal, he contributed articles of a controversial nature. This was a training in debate which proved to be of inestimable value to him as an orator.

After leaving college, Mr. Yancey studied law in the offices of Nathan Sayre and B. F. Perry. He soon became one of the leading jurists of his day. Public speaking appealed to him, and he loved to engage in debates on subjects of vital importance to State and nation. He attended an Independence Day celebration when he was barely twenty years old and made a strong speech in opposition to the Ordinance of Nullification. His oratory, even then, embodied many of the characteristics which later made him famous. "Where liberty is, there is my country," was the keynote of this splendid effort.

Mr. Yancey was always invited to speak to the assembled crowds wherever he attended court. The *Chronicle*, published at Hayneville, Ala., commenting on his speech there, said, in part: "We have never seen a greater manifestation of interest. There was none of the levity usually manifested in mere party contests, but a solemnity of manner, an expression of earnest feeling pervaded the entire assemblage."

Of the speech, we know not what to say. Men of mature thought and unusual ability declared that it was unanswerable.

Former Gov. Thomas H. Watts said: "Yancey was a wonderful man before a jury and before a court. He had as much power over juries as he had over public audiences in his

political speeches. As an advocate he was unsurpassed. I have never seen him surpassed before a jury.

"There was a charm in his oratory peculiar to him, and I have asked myself: 'What is it?' It was not wholly in his arrangement of facts, yet in that he was master. It was not in his power of analysis, though in that he was great. But he was a man of remarkably fine presence before a jury. There was the charm of his sweet and mellow voice, every word and every syllable of every word so clear, and in conversational tones, that he was heard distinctly in the largest room."

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, an eminent Baptist divine, himself a most eloquent orator, said that "Mr. Yancey possessed the four great elements of oratory—reason, imagination, passion, and action.

"In argument he was the peer of Webster and Calhoun. He was as resistless as an Alpine avalanche. When he had finished his discussion, it seemed impossible to escape from his conclusions or to view the subject in any other light than that in which he had presented it.

"In imagination he was not the equal of Webster, Burke, or Prentiss. His flights were sometimes vaulting, but always easy and natural. There was never the semblance of extravagance.

"His fancy, like Milton's Eve, was graceful in every step. He was always impassioned, and when the storm of his invective burst upon his political adversaries, they smelt brimstone in the air and felt that the day of judgment had come.

"But with all of his passion and impetuosity, there was the most perfect self-control. His gestures were few and unpremeditated, but magnetic to the last degree. In the strength, flexibility, compass, clearness, and vibrant quality of his voice, Yancey had no equal."

His ready wit, sunny smile, and striking personality made Mr. Yancey a pleasant addition to any company. But his great mental powers were not revealed until he came to speak before an audience.

It was then that this "silver-tongued orator" of Alabama brought into action those wonderful talents which enabled him to sway the minds of men. There were no mental reservations in what he said to the people. Least of all was it possible for a rival to discover secrets in his private life. No stain of personal vices rested there. He was a man of high ideals and noble purposes. These virtues were reflected in his speeches.

It was said of Mr. Yancey that his oratory was unlike that of anyone else. He did not adhere to the rules of oratory as taught in the schools. His manner of delivery was his own, and there was no suggestion that he spoke to please. He became so absorbed in his theme as to seem indifferent to what his hearers thought of him.

Mr. Yancey's power over audiences was enhanced by an expressive movement of the head, accompanied by a graceful swaying of his body, the light of battle shining in his eyes. His ready mind and ardent passion enabled him to employ sarcasm with telling effect.

His oratory was remarkable for the ease with which it passed from style to style. At times, "like animated conversation," it flattered every individual with a personal appeal, then, snatching a grace beyond words, it impelled men to grasp imaginary weapons and spring forward to meet a fancied foe.

Mr. Yancey's voice was peculiarly adaptable. When his audience increased from hundreds to thousands, his marvelous tones followed the widening circle without any apparent physical exertion.

His eloquence was characteristic of the man, free from all

artificiality. There were no rhetorical passages, no studied phrases, no carefully prepared flights of the imagination. His speeches were bold, direct, and full of strong, simple reasoning.

Mr. Yancey was barely twenty-six years old when he won distinction in debate during the presidential campaign between the Whigs and Democrats in 1840. So favorably did he impress the people that they elected him as their representative in the Alabama legislature.

A distinguished Alabamian, who heard him speak during the session, said: "I have met many men called great. None of them excited in me the lively interest that Mr. Yancey did. I say confidently that he was the most fascinating man I ever knew."

His knowledge of State and constitutional laws, combined with his ability as an orator, so pleased his constituents that they elected him to Congress in 1844. Mr. Yancey's initial speech in that body was made in reply to Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, who, on the preceding day, had attacked the motives of Southern Democrats. The young congressman's speech was remarkable for power and eloquence. It was also so scathing in its denunciation as to precipitate a duel with the gentleman.

The address attracted widespread attention throughout the country, and the press commented favorably upon it. An editorial in the *Baltimore Sun* is notable because the description of the orator and his style was typical of his later career. It read: "Mr. Yancey's diction is rich and flowing. He is at once terribly severe in denunciation and satire; again overpoweringly cogent in argument and illustration; but he is ever dignified and statesmanlike.

"He is comparable to no predecessor, because no one ever united so many qualities of the orator. He stands alone and has attained a name which is glorious and unapproachable."

The editor of the *Richmond Enquirer* wrote: "The question, 'Who is William L. Yancey?' is on every tongue. If he is not paralyzed by the admiration he has already excited, or his head turned by the incense of praise, he is destined to attain a high distinction in the councils of the nation."

Other speeches enhanced his fame as an orator. He was called the "Fox of America" and received invitations to speak in New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Memphis, and other cities.

Mr. Yancey's campaign in behalf of Breckinridge for the presidency was the most remarkable known to American history. He traveled for seven weeks and delivered many elaborate addresses. No hall in the largest cities could accommodate the crowds who came to hear him.

Sometimes when he began to speak, his opponents would hiss and scoff, but, ere he had finished, they would be moved by his masterful eloquence, clear logic, and forceful arguments. Those who came to scoff remained to praise.

"It must be so, Yancey, thou reasonest well," was the verdict of many who came to criticize, but who went away with the conviction that he was right. Perfect composure and confident power marked his speech when he met, before Northern audiences, the men who most strongly opposed him.

Mr. Yancey drafted the Ordinance of Secession for Alabama and secured its passage. During the convention he was tried as never before, and never did he acquit himself more creditably. He was the master spirit of the proceedings, and no delegate received a more attentive hearing. He was thoroughly informed on every subject discussed, either by opponent or ally. The debates were closed by him in a speech of great brilliancy.

The greater number of the hundreds of addresses delivered

by Mr. Yancey were in the open air with God's blue sky above him. He usually occupied a stand made from rough planks. Whenever it was announced that he would speak, people of all ages and sexes came from the hills and dales for miles around to hear him. A vast throng gathered at Memphis when Mr. Yancey spoke during the Breckinridge campaign. Among those present were some who greeted him with cries of derision, but his marvelous self-control never once deserted him.

His opening sentence, "like an arrow from a bow," winged its way to the outer circle of the surging crowd. The mob vied with his tones for the mastery. Sentence followed sentence in rapid succession. Gradually the mockery subsided as the audience came under the spell of his wonderful voice. The applause became more frequent and vehement as the orator warmed to his theme. He closed his speech at midnight, after having spoken for four hours. Cries of "Go on! Go on! It's not daylight yet," greeted him from his erstwhile foes. The once angry mob had to be restrained from unhitching the horses from his carriage and drawing it themselves.

Mr. Yancey's speech before the Charleston convention was a masterpiece of history and eloquence. It took place in the gloaming of the May day. The magnificent hall was ablaze with lights. Prominent people in every walk of life were gathered there. As he arose from his seat on the stage, there burst from floor, lobby, and gallery the most wonderful demonstration a speaker ever received. Frenzied thousands on the streets took up the shouts from within and sped them on into the homes of the people. The orator, much moved by the spontaneous applause, brushed the grateful tears from his eyes.

He received another ovation when he spoke at New Orleans. The speaker's stand, which was erected around the Clay monument, was of great size, beautifully ornamented and decorated. An illuminated arch spanned the entire front. Canal Street was one solid mass of humanity. As Mr. Yancey came to the stand a mighty wave of rejoicing enveloped him. The applause was repeated over and over until the entire city seemed to echo and reëcho with the sound. Flowers were thrown by an admiring throng until the floor about the speaker was literally carpeted with them.

No one ever seemed to tire of listening to his longest addresses. His well-nigh perfect voice could arouse the wildest enthusiasm in his friends and silence the tumult of his enemies.

After Lincoln's election to the presidency, Mr. Yancey was invited to speak at a citizen's meeting at Estelle Hall, Montgomery. Among other things, he said: "Better far to close our days by an act of duty, life's aims fulfilled, than to prolong them through the years, weighed down with the corroding remembrance that we tamely yielded to our love of ease or our unworthy fears; that noble heritage which was transmitted to us through toil, suffering, battle, victory to go down unimpaired to our posterity."

The climax of the address was reached when he quoted:

"'Tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Its delivery showed how he could play upon the emotions of men as the musician does upon the strings of his instrument. The accent on *live* fell to a shrill whisper, revealing to all present the ignominy of life without patriotic consecration. The audience was still as death. And when *d-i-e* rang out on the air in notes of pathos and appeal, like the cry of lost souls outside the gates of Paradise, brave men sprang to their feet with shouts of defiance which were destined to echo over a hundred battle fields.

As soon as the excitement had subsided, a gentleman stepped on the stage, calling: "Three cheers for the greatest orator of the world!"

Aside from his natural eloquence, Mr. Yancey's speeches carried conviction because he believed in the principles for which he pleaded. He said: "I have given my mind, heart, character, and fortune to raise the Southern mind to the full view of Southern rights."

"Measured by the devotion of the South to the cause he advocated and the four long, war-stained years, with battles such as the world never before witnessed, Yancey must rank among the greatest men of our nation. He has been called the 'Demosthenes of the South,' and the 'Patrick Henry of the Second Revolution.'"

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. EDWARD WARREN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY DR. HAUGHTON BAXLEY, MARKHAM, VA.

No history would be complete if the name of Edward Warren was omitted from the list of that superb body of men who comprised the Medical Department and administered to the sick and wounded of the Confederate armies.

Doctor Warren was born in Tyrrell County, N. C. His father, William Christian Warren, was a native of Virginia, and the eldest son of Edward Warren, a lawyer of distinction. He was regarded, in fact, as the leader of the bar in his section of Virginia, and several times represented Charles City County in the State legislature. Unfortunately, he died young, leaving to his wife the task of rearing and educating his four children.



DR. EDWARD WARREN.

On the maternal side, Dr. Warren was of equally prominent lineage. His mother was born at "Snowden," the ancient seat of her family in Stafford County, Va., in January, 1808. Her father was Thomas Alexander, and her mother Elizabeth Innis, the daughter of Judge Harry Innis, of Kentucky. Each belonged to an old and distinguished family. The Alexanders migrated to the colony of Virginia and settled in Stafford County. They came from Scotland in 1669 and purchased the "Howison" patent, which extended from Georgetown to Hunting Creek and embraced the site of Alexandria.

At the outbreak of the war, Doctor Warren's father was practicing his profession in the town of Edenton, N. C. Although opposed to secession, when the sacred soil of his mother State was actually invaded, he hesitated not a moment. Abandoning his business, his property, and his home, he joined his fortunes with those of the Confederacy, accepting a surgeon's commission in its service.

Young Warren entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania and graduated in the early fifties. After a year in the hospitals of Philadelphia, he went to Paris. In 1857, he married Elizabeth Cotton, the second daughter of the Rev. Samuel Johnstone, rector of old St. Paul's at Edenton. Shortly after this event a vacancy occurred in the faculty

of the University of Maryland, and although there were a number of applicants, he succeeded in obtaining the appointment, and later moved to Baltimore to fill the chair of *Materia Medica*.

The dark clouds of war had scarcely begun to gather on the political horizon before Doctor Warren was called upon to undertake a commission attended by no small degree of danger. The affair of April 19, when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment had been roughly handled by the citizens in opposing the passage of troops through the city, had produced a fearful commotion throughout the country. From the entire North there resounded a cry for revenge. Having been sent for by Generals Steuart and Elzy, who had charge of the volunteer organizations of the city, he was informed that they had men sufficient, but were sadly in need of arms. They desired that he should bear letters to the governors of Virginia and North Carolina asking a contribution of a thousand muskets from each. It was a perilous undertaking in the extreme, as the route through Washington was closed and General Butler was very strict in examination of persons and baggage. On the same train was Charles Winder, of Maryland, who, having resigned a captaincy in the United States army, was proceeding South to offer his sword to the Confederacy.

Having delivered the letters Doctor Warren proceeded to Richmond en route to Baltimore, when he learned of the possession of that city by Butler, and hastened to Raleigh and offered his services to his native State. After some months of inaction, he proceeded to Richmond, was presented to the President by the Hon. Robert H. Smith, of Alabama, a former pupil of his father and at that time a member of the Confederate Congress, who had him commissioned surgeon in the Confederate army. On the succeeding day he was ordered by the Surgeon General to report at the University of Virginia. The battle of Manassas had been won and, although more than two weeks had elapsed, large numbers of disabled soldiers were being sent from the field. In Charlottesville alone there were twelve hundred cases of typho-malarial fever. From Manassas Junction to Richmond was one vast hospital filled to repletion with the sick and wounded of Beauregard's victorious army.

The Medical Department, thus suddenly confronted by a task of such magnitude, with an insufficient number of surgeons, attendants, and nurses, given no time to become organized and establish those rules of sanitation and hygiene absolutely essential for the comfort and health of soldiers, a lack of medicines and materials for postoperative treatment, necessarily there resulted both embarrassment and inefficiency. Every available space was occupied—the rotunda, public halls, in fact, any place where a blanket could be placed.

After several months of service at the university, and only fewer cases remaining, he applied for new orders. Through the kind offices of Surgeon LaFayette Guild, he was transferred to Richmond and made a member of a board of inspection. The other members of this board were Surgeons F. Sorrell and J. P. Logan, two accomplished physicians. After several months' work in Richmond in this new field, Dr. Warren was appointed a member of a similar board that the Surgeon General was about to establish in North Carolina. In the summer of 1862, while still on duty at Goldsborough, business carried him to Richmond, where everything was in a state of excitement because of the attack General Lee was to make on McClellan, who then invested the city. Calling on Surgeon Guild, he was warmly received by that officer and informed that orders had been received to organize an operating corps, as heavy fighting would soon begin. Accepting Sur-

geon Guild's invitation to assist in the coming work, the next day they proceeded to the field, taking the Chickahominy road.

In the rear of the column crossing the river there, they found General Lee and staff. Attracted by some wounded men from the batteries, General Lee inquired of his aide-de-camp, Col. Charles Marshall, if there was a medical officer present, as he needed a medical director. As Doctor Guild came up, the General greeted him warmly and named him for the position. By General Lee's permission, Dr. Guild had Dr. Warren appointed medical inspector of the army, the second position of honor and responsibility. Having disposed of the wounded from Mechanicsville, on the succeeding day occurred the battle of Gaines's Mill, and again they were flooded with the wounded of both armies. Fortunately, the medical director had completed the organization of his department and everything worked without clash or confusion. Matters thus continued for a week, finally culminating with the battle of Malvern Hill.

After the seven days' fight there followed a period of inaction, which was voted to the recuperation of exhausted energies and a more complete organization of the medical staff. Doctor Warren returned to his post in North Carolina and during the succeeding months of rest at Goldsborough, devoted himself to the preparation of a manual of military surgery, which met with such a cordial reception as to necessitate the immediate preparation of a second edition. It was entitled "Surgery for Field and Hospital."

During the summer of 1862, the Hon. Zebulon B. Vance was elected governor of North Carolina. Through the intervention of mutual friends, especially Dr. T. J. Boykin, Doctor Warren was appointed Surgeon General of the State. Supported by the governor, he established a number of wayside hospitals at convenient places in the State and a soldiers' home in Richmond. He obtained a good supply of medicines and hospital stores and distributed them among the North Carolina troops where needed. A corps of competent surgeons was organized, among whom were Drs. Eugene Grissom and David Tayloe, and sent them wherever the sick and wounded needed their services. In many ways he made the department felt, appreciated, and respected, not only by the State, but by the whole Confederacy. His faithful services secured the confidence and friendship of the governor, and his rank was raised from colonel to that of brigadier general.

I will say that the name of Edward Warren will stand in the front rank with such men as Moore, Guild, Ford, McGuire, Coleman, Hammond, Smith, Owens, Haywood, Logan, and other master spirits of like genius and equal patriotism. What noble work for science and humanity will be left for the coming historian to chronicle, content with the assertion that when the story shall be faithfully written one of its proudest pages will be reserved for the services, the sacrifices, and the triumphs of the medical staff of the Confederate army.

I will conclude with a brief account of his career after the curtain had fallen on the great drama of war. When Dr. Warren left Baltimore with the letters of General Elzy, he was the pet of an admiring community, and everything in life was wearing the glamour of a May morning. He returned to find himself bereft of property, forgotten by pupils, and ignored by friends. There were some, however, who had not forgotten his services in former years, and they came to his assistance. One of his first acts was to secure the charter of a defunct school and establish the Washington University. Although successful at first, differences arose in the faculty and caused the final disruption of the school. Still believing the field an inviting one, he united with some other Southern

men, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore was organized (my own *Alma Mater*), which became one of the leading medical schools of the country.

After the American war, with a view of availing himself of the military skill and experience which it had developed, the Khedive of Egypt took measures to secure the services of a number of officers of both armies. Dr. Warren decided to apply for a position in the service of the Khedive, and was referred to General Sherman, who had been authorized to select such officers as were required and make arrangements for their transportation. He shortly received a formal appointment on the medical staff of the Egyptian army, with the rank of colonel, and permission to practice his profession in Cairo.

Doctor Warren sailed from New York April 2, 1873, in company with Gen. R. E. Colston, who had also accepted a position in the Egyptian army. From London to Paris, through France and Italy to the Adriatic, thence by ship over a waveless sea he reached Alexandria, where he found General and Colonel Reynolds, old Confederates, to welcome him, bearing a message from General Loring, also an ex-Confederate. The next day he took the train for his destination and landed in Cairo after six hours.

Doctor Warren was soon assigned to duty as the chief surgeon of the general staff, and his ability soon secured for him an extensive practice. Unfortunately, he began to suffer from an ophthalmia, or inflammation of the eyes, due to the fine dust that blows in from the desert. After several years it became so alarming as to necessitate consulting an oculist in Paris, who informed him that to return to Egypt would soon result in total blindness. In this new misfortune, he was advised by friends to seek the authority to practice his profession in Paris. It is almost next to impossible for an outsider to obtain that privilege, but with the influence of such men as Drs. Charcot and Ricord, whom he had met on his visit years before, he finally obtained the permit. It is needless to say that he won fame and success, and few men have won the decorations that came to him, from the Khedive of Egypt, from the President of the Republic of France, even the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Above them all did he prize that little sheet of soiled and time-worn paper, in words scarcely legible that bore the following:

"BATTLE FIELD, June 27, 1862.

"SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 3.

"Surgeon E. Warren is detailed for duty as medical inspector of the hospitals of Northern Virginia," etc.

"By order of General Lee.

L. GUILD, Surgeon, C. S. Army, Medical Director."

Doctor Warren died in Paris some years ago, having reached an advanced age, honored and respected for the service he rendered to the Confederacy, to humanity, and to his native State, a son of whom North Carolina should always feel proud.

A VIOLET.

BY MARIE E. REDDY, SAVANNAH, GA.

A soldier in gray found a violet
At the edge of camp one day;
He picked it up, kissed off the dew,
And sent it home to one he knew.

The letter was seized, and then let pass—
"Not important!" a Yankee said.
He didn't know that it would tell,
"Be glad, dear heart, for all is well."

THE OLD DORCHESTER ROAD.

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

As you drive along the old Dorchester Road, near the Ashley River, you will dream to yourself of the romantic tales written by William Gilmore Simms of the brave history of the Revolution.

Take a trip over the old road in the fall or spring—both seasons are beautiful—one telling of the falling leaves and the pink sunsets, the other of the yellow jasmine and Cherokee roses and a sweet, wonderful world coming into a new life.

When the autumn comes and the woods are turning into so many joyous colors, the air blowing strong over the tall pines, making a sad kind of music that starts recollections of days you thought you had forgotten long ago, just go out in the country about Old Charleston and drive along the Dorchester Road that runs to Summerville. "Lambs," the most beautiful old plantation in all the world, has a long avenue of tall pines leading from the big road to the house sitting back in a great grove of live oaks, giant trees with huge limbs stretching almost to the ground in a crescent shape, with double rows of oaks sweeping around the place. In the spring, when the roses are running over the wide piazza and the pink and white azaleas are just one mass of brilliant color under the shade of the old oaks, it will make you think that heaven up in the mysteries of the sky must be like this, only, of course, on a larger scale, for that seems eternal up above us, that never-ending beauty and space and the blue sky—and below, the lovely old plantation, "Lambs," on the Ashley.

This is the "Old South" still, so often mentioned as fast disappearing, and a new South taking its place; but it is not true with Lamb's old plantation and many others. The "Old South" hangs to these places like the jasmine vine hugs the bushes along the road. The atmosphere of the new South has not reached this section yet, and we hope it never will. We must have something left to remind us of the finest civilization the country ever knew, Dixieland away back yonder. Why, even the rushing autos look so out of place gliding under the limbs of these aged oaks, and you think of the old coach rocking along leisurely, with the negro driver in all his importance handling the ribbons in such style, as he swings through the wide gateway up to the "Big House," with its long piazza and red top.

The "Old Dorchester Road"—why, to Charleston and all the low country of South Carolina the name brings the magic of Colonial days—Simms's romances, "Catherine Walton," "The Partisans," and tales of the Revolution dealing with Sir Banastre Tarleton and Francis Marion, and the ruins of the old Spanish fort at the town of Dorchester, now only a deserted field with an old burying ground near by.

The old "Archdale Hall" is just off the road on the banks of the Ashley. A wide avenue, lined with a double row of huge live oaks, leads the way to the ruins of the once colonial home, where now only the big front steps are left, and flowers in the early spring will literally cover them over.

When it is getting late, and the sun is falling over the tall pines and the shadows are getting longer down the old Dorchester Road, when the sky is turning red far above the trees, and the old avenues are getting kind of "ghostlike" under the big live oak trees, you will begin your journey back to the old town of Charleston and the country will look so sweet and quiet, with just the little birds flying across the hedgerows or some old crow, late in his flight, giving an occasional "caw-caw," as he swings over the tall pines. What a perfect stillness is in the air as you drive down the Old Dorchester Road, and if your mind is "fancy free," you can imagine

you see that cruel Tory leader, Colonel Tarleton, and his friend, Lord Rawdon, fleeing in haste down the sandy road, closely followed by "Partisans"—those brave South Carolina fighters like "Marion's Men."

The Old Dorchester Road seems to throw a rainbow romance over the entire country as you glide along toward



OLD ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "GOOSE CREEK CHURCH."

Charleston. Soon the lights of the city will come into view, the road will lead into the Summerville Highway, where beautiful (?) commercial billboards, standing on stilts, will increase the grandeur of the scene. Like "Banquo's Ghost," they spring up along the smooth roadway, and you realize you are back again in the "new" South. The old South you left back yonder on the Old Dorchester Road.

The "old" South is just a name now in most sections of our country, for a new and brighter dawn, they say, has settled over the South. The old South's sun has nearly set, but the sweet magic of her skies still falls softly about the old plantations along the "Old Dorchester Road," telling of a day when the old land of ours had a generous, kindly civilization, where culture and good manners ruled the people; when love of home and courtesy to strangers must have made this old South of ours a delightful land to live in, with its old plantations, its kindly chivalry, its culture and genuine hospitality, that wonderful art of happiness in living that is slowly ebbing away like the waves on the sands and leaving the modern South so different from the old land of the days "when knighthood was in flower."

Old St. James Episcopal Church is situated only a few miles from the Dorchester Road. It is a very aged building, built in the days long before the American Revolution, when Charles Town was only forty-four years old, for the old town on the Ashley and Cooper rivers was settled in the year 1670, and the little church was built in 1714. On the wall back of the chancel is carved the "Coat of Arms of England," for it represented the "Mother Church in the Province of Carolina."

It is now springtime in the low country of South Carolina. Just stand on the High Battery and feel the salt air blowing in so softly from the sea; the bay is all sunlight on the waves, the little boats are anchored in the stream, "like painted ships upon a painted ocean," and when the evening comes and the winds freshen out at sea, the vessels will be putting up their lights, red and green, in their rigging. Ripley's Light will show very red, a beacon for the ships, and far away on Morris Island the tall lighthouse will send its stream of light to some vessel far out on the Atlantic "making port."

OLD CHURCHES IN CHARLESTON.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

I have read with keen interest the articles in the *VETERAN*, by John Grimball Wilkins, on "Old Charleston by the Sea."

I was a Confederate soldier in and around Charleston parts of the years 1864-65, and was pastor of one of the oldest Churches of the city since the war, and, therefore, aside from other reasons, I feel a special interest in all the history of this great old metropolis from her foundation to the present. Since the close of the war, I have visited many historical points, both in and around Charleston, all of which re-awakened and intensified my interest in and appreciation of the wonderful and important history of the city during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and particularly the War between the States. I could chronicle many items of public interest involved in the history of Charleston, extending over the long period of time from the first settlement of "Charles Town" down to the present. But my main purpose now is to offer brief references to the old historic churches of the city. Among the oldest of the Christian bodies of which mention has been made in the *VETERAN* are the conspicuous ones known as St. Phillip's, St. Michael's, and the old French Huguenot churches. They merit all the publicity that has been accorded them, and even more.

But there are other historic Churches of great influence and prominence in the same old "City by the Sea" that have always and justly exerted a tremendous influence for good during many years now gone by. There is the old Circular Church (Congregational) on Meeting Street, hoary with the age of centuries. Then also the old First Presbyterian Church, St. John's Lutheran Church, and the old First Baptist Church on Church Street. Since I am personally better acquainted with the last named, having been for several



RUINS OF OLD ST. GEORGE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DORCHES-
TER, NEAR CHARLESTON, BUILT IN 1698.

years the pastor thereof, I feel better qualified to speak of that church than of any other church in the old city.

The First Baptist Church of Charleston was organized at Kittery, in Maine, in 1682. It was transferred to Charleston and there located in 1683. The move was largely brought about by political conditions that affected some religious organizations in New England during colonial times. The first church edifice occupied was a plain one on King Street. The present building—very substantial, beautiful in Grecian architecture, lovely on the exterior and interior—has stood from the "long ago" to this day on Church Street, fronting eastward between Tradd and Water Streets and close by the famous "East Battery." The illustrious and able Rev. Dr. Richard Furman, Sr., was pastor there for thirty-eight consecutive years, 1787-1825. His father moved from New York to Daniel's Island, near "Charles Town," years before the Revolution, and owned a large estate on that island. From there he moved to a large landed property on the Wateree River in the "High Hills of Santee," where young Richard was reared and where he was a pastor until 1787.

Though quite young at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he became at once a most influential spirit in the struggle for independence and exerted himself in behalf of deliverance from English rule. Cornwallis offered £1,000 (\$5,000) for his head, but failed to effect Furman's decapitation. Not long after the Revolution he became the pastor of the old First Baptist Church in Charleston, in which position he served until his death, August, 1825. His remains rest in this old church cemetery, the grave being impressively marked by a suitable marble slab that covers it. A beautiful memorial tablet to his honor occupies a conspicuous place on the interior of the church building, which, including the galleries, would probably seat a thousand people. During the War between the States, a shell hurled from Morris Island by the Federal artillery fell in this old Baptist church burying ground, dislocating the marble slab over the grave of this great patriot and preacher, Dr. Richard Furman, Sr., but it was afterwards replaced, and the well-worded inscription on it may be read to-day by any visitor



INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH, WITH ENGLISH COAT OF ARMS
OVER THE CHANCEL.

who cares to know something of a great man, famous minister, and most heroic patriot. He was known and honored throughout the United States.

By special invitation and arrangement in Washington, D. C., he preached an impressive sermon to the United States Congress, being signally honored by the President on this visit to the Capital of the nation for whose independence he had shown his willingness to give his earthly life and all of his possessions.

DESTROYING MILITARY STORES AND GUNBOATS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS.

While General Forrest was operating so successfully in destroying Sherman's line of communication in Middle Tennessee, the troops which had been left in Mississippi under General Chalmers had not been inactive.

There were eight thousand Federal troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—in the vicinity of Memphis that it was necessary to prevent from taking the field against General Forrest, and how that was accomplished is set forth in the fact that the Federals never advanced from Memphis beyond Non-Connor Creek from the time General Forrest crossed the river at Colbert's Ferry, August 19, 1864, until October 15, notwithstanding General Chalmers had but one small brigade of a thousand cavalry, one section of artillery, and three hundred militia. His demonstrations against Memphis were so threatening, so audacious, that he produced the liveliest apprehensions and stimulated the Federal commander to fortify his positions with additional works. He had ditches dug across every road leading into Memphis and erected barricades of cotton bales at various points in the city. He removed the flooring from the bridges that crossed Gayoso Bayou and recalled the outlying regiments. He kept the forts strongly manned and the streets heavily patrolled.

The boldness of General Chalmers's activities made the Federal commander afraid to leave his position. It was a great achievement, the result of continuous exposure, hard riding, and daring skirmishes.

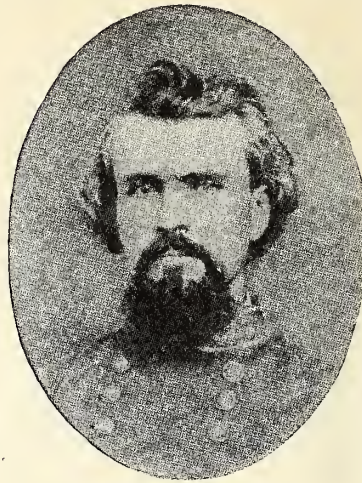
In the meantime, General Chalmers had called on Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, for every available man he could muster, and he sent a regiment composed of boys twelve to fourteen years of age and old men, about three hundred strong, armed with squirrel rifles and old shotguns.

Early in 1863, the Confederate government imposed a tax of ten per cent on ail products of the soil. It was called "tax in kind," and when the little boys and old men joined us and went into camp, the regular soldiers were greatly interested in the little fellows. One cavalryman asked a boy, who was armed with an old rifle nearly twice as long as its owner was tall, "Are you tax in kind?" and ever afterwards, the militia was called, "tax in kind." The old men resented it, but it only made the boys laugh.

A majority of the boys were mounted on ponies and small mules. The first movement General Chalmers made after the "tax in kind" regiment joined the command, he camped in the vicinity of Memphis, on Tennessee soil. The "tax in kind" colonel approached General Chalmers and asked: "Are we not in the State of Tennessee?" "Yes," replied the General, "this is Shelby County, Tenn." "Well sir," said the colonel, "my men volunteered to defend Mississippi. I shall return to Mississippi." General Chalmers knew that the point was well taken, but it was necessary to retain them a few days longer to keep up appearances. So the General said, "Colonel, let us talk about it," and they sat by the General's camp fire.

The General's purpose was to entertain the colonel so hospitably he would consent to remain. He had ash cakes and a few slices of fried bacon and invited the colonel for supper. While Jim was preparing the feast, the General told the colonel the story of "The Alamo," how Colonel Travis, with

one hundred and seventy-two men, when surrounded by three thousand Mexicans under Santa Anna, and all hope had departed, addressed his companions, saying, "I will die like a man for my country," and with his sword made a line on the dirt floor, and called on those who were willing to stay with him to cross over. "And do you know," the General said, speaking in great earnestness, "they all crossed to Travis but one man."



GEN. N. B. FORREST.

About one hundred and fifty little boys who had listened to the story, clapped their hands, and cheered lustily. The colonel said, "If the boys are willing to stay, we will do so," and they did stay.

In the meantime, General Forrest had effected a safe return from his raid behind Sherman, having marched over five hundred miles from the 20th day of September to October 13, with astounding success. Ever on the outlook for new operations, Forrest reported to Lieutenant General Taylor in command of the Department of Mississippi and Tennessee, the results of the expedition, and asked that General Chalmers, who had been detached, should be restored to him, as he desired to make a move into West Tennessee with the special object of destroying the Federal depot at Johnsonville.

This depot had been established in consequence of the uncertainty of navigation and other difficulties on the river, and forming the greater part of the supplies for Sherman's army and for those serving in different sections of Tennessee, were accumulated there in large quantities for transportation by rail and river.

Early on October 17, Buford's Division and two batteries, Morton's and Walton's, were set in motion for the vicinity of Jacks Creek, Tenn., and the following day General Forrest, with his escort, and Rucker Brigade, still under Kelley, moved to Jackson, where he effected a junction with General Chalmers on October 20. While at Jackson, Colonel Rucker reported for duty and was again assigned to Chalmers's Division.

Remaining at Jackson several days, and finding that the enemy was indisposed to venture into West Tennessee, on the 24th General Forrest ordered Buford to establish his headquarters at Huntingdon, and Chalmers was directed to occupy the vicinity of McLemoreville. Scouts were sent forward to ascertain where forage and subsistence could be found and to get information about the situation at Union City and Paducah. At the same time all detachments were instructed to interpose no obstacle whatever if the enemy attempted to pass to the west bank of the Tennessee River. General Roddy was ordered to move to the neighborhood of Corinth and thus be in position to oppose any effort of the enemy in that direction.

Every disposition having been effected, Buford was ordered to the mouth of Big Sandy River, by way of Paris, with instructions to blockade the river. He was reinforced with a section of 20-pounder Parrott guns, brought up from Mobile for that purpose. The following day, Chalmers was directed to take position with his division at Paris, in supporting distance of Buford. Buford, with Bell's Brigade and Lyons's Kentucky Brigade, the 20-pound Parrotts, and Morton's Battery of 3-inch rifles, reached the mouth of Big Sandy on the 28th. He posted Lyons's Brigade and the 20-pounder Parrotts at old Fort Heiman and a section of Morton's Battery some 500 yards below with orders not to disturb any vessels until they had passed into the reach of the river. Bell, with his brigade and a section of Morton's Battery, was put in position at Paris Landing, about five miles from Fort Heiman. About nine o'clock, October 29, the transport Mazeppa, heavily loaded, with a barge in tow, unaware of danger, passed the lower battery at Fort Heiman, the section of Morton's guns, 500 yards distant, was immediately opened upon her, followed by the 20-pounder Parrotts with fine effect. Her machinery disabled, she became unmanageable and drifted to the opposite shore. Then followed an act of desperate courage, when Captain Gracey, of the 3rd Kentucky, plunged into the river, swam to the vessel, and returned in a yawl, in which General Buford and a party crossed back to the Mazeppa. After some little time, they arranged a hawser, and she was pulled to the west bank. It was a daring enterprise in Captain Gracey, one that should be recorded and preserved in every capital in the South.

The vessel was heavily freighted with blankets, shoes, clothing, axes, and a quantity of hard bread (hard-tack), besides other military stores, that were safely placed on the bank of the river. The supply was a great boon to the hungry, poorly clad Confederates, as well as to the people in the surrounding country, who were allowed to share in the booty. The steamer was so badly disabled that Buford burned her.



ON THE STAFF OF GEN. N. B. FORREST.

Standing, left to right: Capt. John G. Mann, Dr. J. B. Cowan, Capt. George Dashiell, Lieut. S. Donelson, Sitting: Capt. John W. Morton, Maj. C. W. Anderson, Capt. W. N. Forrest.

Early on the morning of the 30th, another transport, the Anna, came down stream, passed Colonel Bell, unaware of danger. The section of Morton's rifles opened on her, but Buford, anxious to capture the boat uninjured, stopped the firing and ordered the vessel to come to shore. The pilot rang his bell and signaled, "I will come to, at the lower landing," but when he reached that point he kept on his course and escaped. That was indeed a sharp Yankee trick. Buford was furious, and he turned all his guns in her direction, but to no effect. Several hours later, the gunboat Undine and the transport Venus, towing two barges, all laden with supplies, came in sight and were permitted to pass the first guns, then Bell opened on them.

General Chalmers had reached Paris Landing, and soon afterwards General Forrest arrived with his escort. The Undine and the Venus managed to find shelter around the bend in the river, where the Confederate guns could not reach them, but they could not move in either direction. Colonel Rucker made a personal reconnaissance and, finding the movement practicable, was ordered to take the section of Walton's 10-pounder Parrotts, supported by Forrest's old regiment, Colonel Kelley, and the 15th Tennessee, Colonel Logwood, and attack the Undine and Venus. Dismounting his men, Colonel Kelley opened a hot fire upon the portholes of both the gunboat and on the Venus, while the artillery, which Rucker had favorably posted, opened on the Undine. The attack was maintained with such precision, the enemy, unable to reply with effect, moved to the opposite shore. Then, a shot striking the Undine, passed through her from stem to stern. She had been forced to close her portholes because of Kelley's sharpshooters. Her officers and men, not killed or wounded, escaped ashore, and the Venus surrendered.

Colonel Kelley then with two companies took possession of her, crossed to the Undine, and brought both vessels to Paris Landing.

They proved a good deal shattered, but General Forrest determined to raise a Confederate flag on his newly acquired navy and ordered all the mechanics found in the command, as well as the Federal machinist on the Venus, to repair the machinery. This was effected most surprisingly by the afternoon of the 31st.

While the repairs were being made, another transport, the J. W. Cheesman, came around the bend. She was the largest and best-looking boat we had seen, but Morton made short work of her. She had passed not more than three hundred yards when he sent two shells crashing through her upper deck, and followed with a shot that destroyed her machinery. The pilot and several other members of the crew were killed, and the Cheesman floated slowly to our shore. Her cargo included many delightful articles—coffee, sugar, pickles in barrels, crackers, candies, and an assortment of groceries—everything good to eat. As she neared the bank, Capt. Bill Tucker, of the 18th Mississippi, hallooed, "Put out your gangplank," and just before the planks reached the shore Tucker made a leap for it, but failed to get a footing and plunged headlong into the water and came near being crushed, but was hauled out wet and wiser. The cargo was greatly enjoyed by the troops, long unaccustomed as they were to any but the roughest food.

The Undine, one of the largest of the class of gunboats known as "tin clad," carried an armament of eight 24-pounder brass howitzers. She was ready for action under the Stars and Bars by the morning of November 1, and with the Venus, carrying the two 20-pounder Parrotts, with crews of officers and men detached from the command, was ready to

sail. Captain Gracey, who swam the river and rescued the Mizeppa a few days previously, was put in command of the Undine, and Lieut. Col. W. A. Dawson on the Venus, as commodore of the fleet. Everything in readiness, General Forrest boarded the Venus and made a trial trip as far as Fort Heiman. As the vessels rounded into the stream, the troops along the bank made the air ring with shouts and gave cheer upon cheer for Forrest and the navy. The trip was made in safety, and they returned to Paris Landing.

Orders were given for a general movement on the following morning. Colonel Dawson was instructed to move slowly up the river, while the cavalry and artillery took up the march along the bank. Chalmers's Division, in advance, was to be kept as close to the river as possible, to shield the steamers from any attack from the south, while Buford, following Chalmers, was to guard against any gunboats which might come from the direction of Paducah.

It began to rain, and the roads, rough already, were so slippery and difficult the column had only reached the ruins of the old railroad bridge on the river by night. The steamers were anchored under the shelter of the batteries on shore. It rained hard throughout the night, and the roads were even worse than before. The troops moved slowly, and the fleet unfortunately steamed ahead of the support of the land batteries, and at a sudden bend of the river, they came into the immediate presence of three Federal gunboats, which opened on them. The Venus, soon receiving a shot among her machinery, became unmanageable; so Colonel Dawson ran her ashore, and with his crew abandoned her under a hot fire. She was then recaptured by the enemy, along with the prized 20-pounder Parrotts.

Meanwhile General Chalmers put his artillery in battery at Davidson's Ferry and made an effective diversion in favor of the Undine. The enemy was forced back, taking the Venus in tow. After this unhappy affair, resuming the march, the head of the column encamped that evening a mile below Reynoldsburg. Mabry had been directed several days previously to establish himself with his brigade and Thrall's Battery on the river above Johnsonville.

He reported at General Chalmers's headquarters, three miles south of the destined point of attack, and was directed to establish his command as nearly opposite Johnsonville as possible, keeping carefully out of sight of the enemy.

The following day General Chalmers, with the rest of his division, concentrated around that point. Chalmers on the north and Buford on the south, the gunboats were hemmed in, and thus stood affairs on the morning of November 3, when five heavily armored gunboats came up the stream.

They engaged in a sharp skirmish with the Confederate batteries, in the course of which, shells from 32-pounder rifles were thrown fully three miles. They crashed through the woods with great din and uproar, but, happily, without harm. Every old soldier who was ever under the fire from gunboats understands how dreadful the roar and how little the damage—except to the tops of the trees. For a time the Confederate man of war (the Undine) took part in the conflict, and also two Federal gunboats from Johnsonville joined in the fight, but the Undine had been badly crippled and was hurried to the bank and set on fire. Gracey had no thought of the Yankees recapturing his vessels.

Thus the operations of Forrest's navy terminated. It had been raining continuously and was very cold, but General Forrest never postponed anything for to-morrow which might be done at the moment. He made a careful reconnaissance of Johnsonville, where the river was about eight hundred yards wide.

Johnsonville itself, independent of the depot buildings, was a hamlet at the mouth of a creek and was built upon the slope of the river bank, which rises gently from the water some three hundred yards, making an elevation of about fifty feet. Upon this eminence an extensive redoubt had been built that overlooked and commanded the western bank. The works were garnished with large cannon. There was also a long line of rifle pits surrounding the depot. The western bank, from which General Forrest expected to operate, is abrupt near the river, about twenty-five feet above the water, and was thickly covered with timber, except immediately in front of the depot, where the trees had been felled some distance rearward, to give range to their guns. Notwithstanding the advantage in the enemy's position, General Forrest was satisfied after his reconnaissance that, if he could get his guns in position in the place he had selected, he might destroy not only the depot and the vast accumulation of supplies there collected, but the gunboats, transports, and barge at the landing.

At this time, General Lyons, with about four hundred men, arrived. He had been an artillery officer in the old army and stood high with General Forrest for his skill in the use of artillery.

Losing no time, he ordered Lyons to place Thrall's Battery of 12-pounder howitzers as near the desired point as possible without risk of discovery, where the guns were sunk in "chambers" (big dugouts) and cut embrasures through the solid bank in front. The men worked all night in the heavy rain, and, by the morning of the 4th, the battery was completely shielded from the gunboats. Col. Rucker also had much experience as an artillery officer, and General Chalmers likewise ordered him to establish Morton's Battery directly opposite Johnsonville; and he posted two guns of Walton's Battery about four hundred yards to the northward.

All the guns were sunk as above described. During all this, Chalmers and Buford held their men concealed in the heavy



CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, AT NINETEEN,
SERVING ON STAFF OF GENERAL
JAMES R. CHALMERS.

timber rearward, protected with logs and ravines, but in support of the batteries; the horses were sent two or three miles back. By noon, everything in readiness, the enemy, satisfied the Confederates had departed, were moving about uncon-

cerned. General Forrest had the watches of all the commanders uniformly set and ordered that the batteries should open fire precisely at two o'clock. The five gunboats had withdrawn out of sight, but the three at Johnsonville were moored at the landing, with steam up and their decks covered with officers and crews. The crews were scrubbing the decks and washing their clothes. The troops of the garrison were sauntering about on the hillsides, and laborers were at work unloading stores from transports and barges.

Passengers lounged upon the decks of transports, smoking and chatting, and several ladies were coming down the bank evidently in anticipation of departure on a boat. It was very apparent there was not the least suspicion of the impending tempest. General Forrest was a picture—no soldier was ever superior to him—as he anxiously surveyed the scenes and, along with Generals Chalmers and Buford, under the bluff below the guns, waited for the moment for action. Forrest had assisted in training Morton's guns upon the gunboats, and precisely at two o'clock all the guns were discharged with such harmony that it sounded like one report, one heavy gun.

Immediately steam and smoke poured forth from the boats, while their crews were jumping into the river, swimming to shore. The ladies just approaching the transports rushed wildly up the hillside toward the fort. Only one of the gunboats returned the fire, but the guns in the redoubts burst forth with a storm of shells thrown with much precision, though they could not reach the Confederate guns in the chambers.

Every gunboat was perforated. We could hear the agonizing screams of the wounded and scalded, across the river, but the Confederate batteries were plied with unabated energy, and, the sharpshooters joining in, kept up a fierce and deadly fire. The conflict was maintained for an hour. The gunboats, now wrapped in flames, deserted by the crews, floated down against the transports and barges and set them on fire. By four o'clock every craft was on fire. General Forrest now directed that all the batteries turn their fire on the warehouses and supplies on shore. There was a vast heap of corn, hay, and bacon, covering several acres, and higher up the slope a large pile of barrels under tarpaulins. Several well-directed shells were thrown with the happiest effect, for a blue blaze was quickly seen to dart from under the tarpaulins.

Instantly a loud shout burst forth from our men, but doubtless they would have been glad to save a few barrels of the liquor. Soon the barrels began to burst with loud explosions, sending the burning liquor high in the air and flowing down the hillside, spreading the flame in its course toward the river and filling the air with the fumes of burning spirits, sugar, coffee, and meat. It was the most delicious aroma we had ever breathed. Meanwhile, all the warehouses and other buildings were ignited and the entire destruction accomplished.

When the Confederates retired after night, the river was lurid with red and blue lights as it floated down the stream, and the vicinity was almost as light as day. Nothing was left unconsumed but the big guns in the fort, which were now deserted. Neither gunboat transport or barge had escaped, and the railroad depot and warehouses filled with goods and some ten acres piled high with supplies were now heaps of ashes.

The operation at Johnsonville was a brilliant achievement. Nothing could have been superior to it. All the troops went into camp except Rucker's Brigade and a section of Walton's Battery left to picket the river. The following morning,

General Forrest, riding back to the river, had the satisfaction of seeing the wide desolation he had wrought. Brigg's guns were now ordered withdrawn, but as they moved out a regiment of negroes coming forth from their covert displayed themselves upon the opposite shore in amusing, irate antics. Throwing off their coats and shaking their clenched fists at the hated rebels they hurled across the river their arsenal of explosives, epithets, and maledictions. Rucker was delighted; he halted the guns and turned them upon the frantic negroes, and his far-reaching rifles also. One volley dispersed the capering crowd and sent those not killed or wounded scampering away in the wildest confusion.

It now remains to recount the destruction of four gunboats, thirteen transports, eighteen barges, buildings, quartermaster and commissary supplies, which, according to Federal estimate of value, was over fifteen million dollars, and all accomplished with the loss of the two 20-pounder Parrotts, which went down with the *Venus*, and two men killed and four wounded. It was, indeed, a brilliant close of the operations in Tennessee.

A LONG WAY TO THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

BY INSLEE DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

While Generals Johnston and Sherman were discussing terms of surrender, near Bentonville, N. C., Gen. Joe Wheeler called for volunteers from his command to go with him to the Trans-Mississippi Department and join Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who was supposed to be still holding out.

This proposition, which seems to me now to have called for a fool's errand, at that time appealed to me strongly. I was a recently exchanged prisoner from Fort Delaware and was still smarting with the memory of the indignities and unnecessary cruelties to which we were there subjected. I had had no opportunity of taking part in an engagement since my return to the army and was longing for a few more shots at them, and I had great confidence in General Wheeler. In spite of the protests of my comrades (including my brother Oakley) and my own judgment, the urge to go was too strong on me to resist, so, with about three hundred others, I rode out of camp with General Wheeler and started on our long ride.

Next day our General divided us into bunches of from ten to twenty, giving us a better chance to get through. The owner of a plantation in Georgia, on which we camped, offered to give us all the negroes we wanted (in jest, I think). One of our band, a Texan, said he was going back to his farm where labor was hard to get, and that he would take three boys just big enough to plow if they were willing to go, and he would pay them wages and treat them well. So the next morning we went on our way with three recruits. Tom mounted two of them on a mule, and the third he took behind him on his big, sorrel horse. I have given these boys some mention here because later on in this narrative they got us into a scrape that came near being our last.

We were surprised to find in some sections of Alabama an abundance of provisions, while our army and people were on the verge of starvation. This condition was due to want of transportation facilities.

One night we camped on a large plantation in charge of an overseer, the owner not yet returned from the army. The overseer had been cruel to the negroes on the place and was afraid that they would now take their revenge. He wanted our protection, and said he would feed us and our horses if we would stay with him a while. In order to give our horses a much-needed rest, we concluded to stay. After

five day's rest here, we continued our ride toward the Father of Waters, which was kind enough to come out and meet us at a village called McNutt (name since changed). The citizens said the main channel of the river was about fifty miles off and begged us not to go any farther. But we got a guide in a canoe for the first day. He took us to the Old Military Road, which was cut straight through cane and timber to the river. Our party now consisted of six or seven white men and three negroes. It took us three days to reach the river, most of the way in shallow water, say, knee deep, at other times in four-foot water, and occasionally swimming, about one-fourth the way dry land. Once only we came to a current that crossed our road, not rapid, but moving gently. This we swam about fifty yards and halted on the other side in water to our stirrups, in order to adjust the articles that we strapped to our heads and shoulders to keep them dry when we swam. While thus engaged, we discovered that we were minus a "nigger," and, looking back, saw him in the current hanging to the limb of a tree for dear life. Tom rode back and rescued him just as his hold on the limb was slipping.

We saw but one house in the overflow. The owner had gathered his family, stock, poultry, furniture, etc., on a bridge that spanned a near-by stream. The bridge was higher than his house. He had to move things around to make room for us to pass over. We could have swum, but were getting tired of swimming. Not far from the river we saw some dead bodies, mostly blue coated, floating among the bushes. Negroes in a canoe were stripping them, and when they saw us they made off at top speed, with a pile of clothes in the canoe. We afterwards learned that these were victims of the Sultana explosion that occurred farther up the river, and the bodies had washed through the breaks in the levee. At the river bank we found high ground, some residences, and cultivated patches, but no way to cross over until after two days a steamboat came up the river and tied up a little way below us. When we applied to the captain of the boat to help us across, he readily agreed. He said that he was going to take his load of soldiers (Federals) and prisoners up the river a piece, then turn into the mouth of White River and go about fifty miles up that river, and that he would carry our party with him; and so he did. And the Yankee soldiers did what they could to see that we had a pleasant voyage. They divided rations liberally with us and chatted pleasantly, so that I lost all my desire to shoot at them any more, and for the first time regretted that I had ever started on our long, perilous journey. But the pilot ran her nose into the sandy bank on the south side, the deck hands shoved the gangplanks in position, and the captain said to us: "Here is where you get off."

Tom called out to his niggers: "Saddle the horses, boys, and get ready to land." Now Tom and his blue-eyed mulatto boy, Sam, had become close friends, and stayed together during our ride on the boat. The other two were entertained by the blue coats, and when Tom called to them to saddle up, one of the two said: "We ought not do it. We gwine stay on de boat." This made the soldiers laugh and cheer and Tom mad. But he turned to Sam, and said, "Well, Sam, we'll saddle 'em up," and started toward the horses. Then a blue coat took hold of Sam, and said: "You shan't go with that Rebel." They didn't pull hard, but each held tight with his left while his right was clinched ready for a blow. A blow from either would have sounded the death knell of our little party. The crowd of soldiers was in a frenzy of wrath, and was shouting, "Kill the d— rebels. Throw them in the river. They are going to carry that boy

into slavery. Get your guns, men," and they were starting back for their guns. And we, like fools, were starting for ours, concealed in our baggage. Then, just in the nick of time, there came a loud shout from a man leaning over the railing of the upper deck. "What in the h— is the matter down there? What are you holding that nigger for?" He was commander of the troops on board, and they briefly explained things to him, and he said: "Turn the nigger loose; he is not a slave and never will be. If he wants to stay on the boat, let him stay. If he wants to go with that man, let him go."

This seems to have satisfied everybody. We were all happy, the blue coats because they guessed the negro would get fair treatment, and we other fellows because we knew that the catfish were not gnawing our bones at the bottom of White River.

The Yanks now replaced their ugly scowls and deadly threats with the same beaming smiles and good wishes that marked our earlier acquaintance. After thanking the captain, we debarked and turned our faces to the south.

We rode about half the night (it was late when we left the river), then turned into a pine thicket and slept till morning. We were up early and on the road, met a man, asked him: "Where is General Smith's army?" He looked at us in doubt and confusion, as if he thought us a band of lunatics (he didn't miss it much), but managed to reply that Smith and his army had surrendered and gone home weeks ago.

I shall not attempt to describe the impression this news made on us. We separated here, I going south to an uncle at Austin, Tex.

Of all the squads that started with General Wheeler, ours was the only one to cross the river, that I could hear of. General Wheeler, with his band, was captured shortly after starting.

GENERAL LEE'S WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of fate and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance."

General Lee's early efforts to secure the western part of Virginia seemed to have been obscured by that chimerical, illusive, and imaginary person called fate, supposed in heathen mythology to spin out the destiny of human beings. All his efforts were made with untrained troops, and some of these were in command of untrained officers.

While the Federal forces were being organized for operations in Western Virginia, for the protection of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and for political and strategical reasons, the Federal authorities received information that Col. G. A. Porterfield, commanding Virginia troops, had taken the initiative on the 26th of May, 1861, and had burned some bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a little west of Grafton. This great line of communication between Washington and the West had been severed and action on the part of the Federal authorities was made necessary. The Virginia troops which burned the railroad bridge are shown to have numbered less than 800, to be exact, "600 effective infantry and 173 cavalry."

Western Virginia was in the department commanded by Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, and authority had come from Washington, on May 24 in shape of an inquiry from General Scott, as to "whether the force at Grafton could be

counteracted"; and McClellan was ordered to "act promptly." Brigadier General Morris was sent forward on the 26th by rail, with a strong Indiana force. Morris was in command, and finding Kelley had planned an advance with his two Virginia regiments, added a second column under Colonel Dumont, of the 7th Indiana. Both columns were directed to make a night march, starting from points on the railroad about twelve miles apart, and converging on Philippi, the point to which Porterfield had retreated when the Federal force advanced on him at Grafton, and which point they were to attack at daybreak of June 3. Each of the Federal columns consisted of about 1,500 men, and Dupont had two 6-pounder smooth-bore cannons. The night was dark and stormy.

The Federal columns encountered no pickets, and the first notice that Porterfield had was the flying shells from the Federal cannon falling among his sleeping men. Though aroused under such circumstances, they escaped in flight, and by Porterfield's coolness and courage he "succeeded in getting them off with but few casualties, and the loss of a few arms and his camp equipage and supplies. Kelley was wounded in the breast by a pistol shot, the only injury reported on the Federal side; no prisoners or wounded were captured by the Federals.

Porterfield retreated to Beverly, some thirty miles southeast, and the Federal force remained at Philippi. "The telegraphic reports put the Virginia force at 2,000, and their loss at fifteen killed. This implied a considerable list of wounded and prisoners, and the newspapers gave it the air of a considerable victory." (Gen. J. D. Cox, U. S. A., in "Battles and Leaders.") General Lee, in an effort to reach and save Western Virginia, about a month later, sent a column under the command of General Henry A. Wise to the Kanawha Valley, and Gen. Robert S. Garnett to Beverly. Garnett previously had been an officer in the U. S. Army, and was a trained soldier. His force consisted of Virginians, to which was added the 1st Georgia, all of which numbered about 4,500 men on the 1st of July. To this force he had hoped to add recruits from the local populace; but this proved a failure. Garnett expected other reinforcements, but none reached him except the 44th Virginia Regiment, which failed to reach him in time to be of assistance. Beverly is located in the valley of the Tygart River. The Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike divides at Beverly, the Parkersburg route passing over Rich Mountain and the other route following the Tygart River to Philippi.

North of the river lies Laurel Mountain, and over a spur of this the road passes. Garnett considered the passes over Rich Mountain and Laurel Mountain the gates to all the territory to the west. He concluded the pass over Rich Mountain the stronger and more easily held, and entrenched there about 1,300 men and four cannon under the command of Lieut. Col. John Pegram. Rude fortifications of logs, protected by abatis along the front, were constructed.

He placed the remaining 3,200 of his command in a similar fortified position on the road at Laurel Mountain, where he had four guns, one of which was rifled. He commanded the last position in person.

McClellan's force consisted of 27 regiments, 24 pieces of artillery, two troops of cavalry, and a company of independent riflemen. Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox estimated his force at about 20,000 men, 5,000 of which were guarding the railroad and its bridges. Morris's strong brigade was at Philippi, McClellan's remaining force consisted of three brigades; thus there were 15,000 troops menacing Garnett's two small garrisons.

Having previously moved Morrison's Brigade from Philippi to within one and a half miles of Garnett's position, McClellan, on the 9th of July, concentrated his three brigades within two miles of Colonel Pegram's position at the base of Rich Mountain. A reconnoissance on the 10th of July was followed at daybreak, on the 11th, by Rosecrans's Brigade, 2,000 strong, guided by a young native named Hart, "whose father lived on top of the mountain two miles in rear of Pegram's position."

Though Pegram was put on notice about midnight on the 10th by the sounding of reveille and assembly erroneously by one of McClellan's commands, he believed that the attempt to turn his position would be by a path or country road around his right, between him and Garnett (of which the latter had warned him), and his attention was diverted from the route followed, as he thought the latter was impracticable. Rosecrans's march took ten hours of hard marching, and when he reached the Hart farm he found an enemy confronting him. Pegram had detached about 350 men, sending a single cannon with them, and ordered them to guard the road at the mountain summit. As Rosecrans came out on the road early in the afternoon, he was warmly received by both cannon and musketry. After a varying combat of two or three hours, followed by a charge by Rosecrans's line, Pegram's line was broken. Both pieces of artillery on that part of the line fell into the hands of Rosecrans, and he was in possession of the field.

During the night, the Confederate force abandoned their position, spiking the two remaining cannon, and leaving a few sick and wounded in charge of the surgeon. Pegram left 20 wounded on the field, and 63, including the sick, were surrendered at the lower camp.

About half of Pegram's men succeeded in passing around Rosecrans's right flank during the night, and gained Beverly, where they joined the recently arrived 44th Virginia Regiment and retreated southward toward Staunton. Garnett learned in the evening that Rich Mountain summit had been gained by the enemy, and first marched toward Beverly, reaching within five miles of that place, when he was falsely informed that it was occupied by Federal troops. This false information caused him to retrace his steps nearly to his former camp. Though an educated soldier, evidently, if he had had former experience, it would have caused him to inform himself of the truth of his information. As McClellan did not enter the town until the afternoon of the 12th, there was nothing to prevent him from continuing south through Beverly almost at leisure. Garnett's route took him from Leadville, over a country road over Cheat Mountain into Cheat River Valley, following the stream northward toward St. George and West Union.

Morris learned of Garnett's retreat at dawn and started in pursuit, but halted at Leadville to get orders from McClellan. These reached him in the night and he did not continue his pursuit until daybreak on the 13th. His advance guard overtook Garnett's rear about noon and followed about two hours. A warm encounter occurred at Garrick's Ford, and, a mile or two farther, at another ford, where the skirmishing was light, Garnett was killed while withdrawing his skirmishers from behind a pile of driftwood which had been used as a barricade. Here Morris captured one of Garnett's cannon and about forty wagons, and ceased his pursuit. Garnett's column escaped without farther interference.

In the darkness of the tangled woods and thickets of the mountainside, Pegram's column became divided, and, with the rear part of it, he wandered during the 12th seeking to make his way to Garnett. That evening he learned from

local people of Garnett's retreat. He then called a council of war, and, by advice of his officers, sent to McClellan at Beverly an offer to surrender, and brought in thirty officers and five hundred and twenty-five men. Pegram and his men were paroled or exchanged. Pegram continued to advance in grade and, on February 6, 1865, bearing the rank of major general, he was killed in the action at Hatcher's Run. The reinforcements which were hastening to Garnett were halted at Monterey, east of the principal ridge of the Alleghanies.

On the 22nd of July, McClellan was summoned to Washington to assume command of the army, which had retreated to the capital after the panic of the First Bull Run, or Manassas.

Maj. Gen. Jacob Dolson Cox, U. S. Army, subsequently governor of Ohio, was a participant in the West Virginia campaign here being discussed and has written and published an excellent narrative of it in "Battles and Leaders," the Century publication. The following quotation is taken from it as his estimate of McClellan's achievement in this case:

"The affair at Rich Mountain, and subsequent movements, were among the minor events of a great war and would not warrant a detailed description were it not for the momentous effect they had upon the conduct of the war by being the occasion for the promotion of McClellan to the command of the Potomac army. The narrative contains the 'unvarnished tale' as nearly as the official records of both sides can give it, and it is a curious task to compare it with the picture of the campaign and its results, which was then given to the world in the series of proclamations and dispatches of the young general, beginning with the first occupation of the country and ending with his congratulations to his troops, in which he announced that they had 'annihilated two armies commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fastnesses fortified at their leisure.' The country was eager for good news, and took it as literally true. McClellan was the hero of the moment, and when, but a week later, his success was followed by the disaster to McDowell at Bull Run, he seemed pointed out by Providence as the ideal chieftain who could repair the misfortune and lead our armies to certain victory. His personal intercourse with those about him was so kindly and his bearing so modest that his dispatches, proclamations, and correspondence are a psychological study, more puzzling to those who knew him well than to strangers. Their turgid rhetoric and energetic pretense did not seem natural to him. In them he seemed to be composing for stage effect something to be spoken in character by a different person from the sensible, genial man we knew in life and daily conversation. The career of the great Napoleon had been the study and admiration of young American soldiers, and it was, perhaps, not strange that when real war came they should copy his bulletins and even his personal bearing. It was for the moment the bent of the people to be pleased with McClellan's rendering of the rôle; they dubbed him the young Napoleon, and the photographers got him to stand with folded arms in the historic pose. For two or three weeks his dispatches and letters were all on fire with enthusiastic energy. He appeared to be in a morbid condition of mental exaltation. When he came out of it, he was as genial as ever."

THE FIRST CHEROKEE CAVALRY, C. S. A.

In response to a late inquiry in the VETERAN for some information on the 1st Cherokee Regiment of Cavalry as a part of the Confederate army, the following short history of this Indian regiment and its first colonel, who was after-



MRS. ANNE R. FINCH FRAYSER, OF MONTANA.

Mrs. Frayser, Sponsor for New Mexico to the Birmingham Reunion, on staff of Gen. A. L. Steele, U. C. V., is a daughter of the "old Dominion," prominent in the D. A. R. and U. D. C. of Richmond. She has represented Virginia, as well as the Western section at several reunions in prominent capacity for the U. C. V. and S. C. V.

wards brigadier general, Stand Watie, was compiled by R. B. Coleman, Historian of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.:

"The 1st Cherokee Indian Cavalry Regiment was organized for service in the Confederate States as a combat regiment at a mass meeting of the five Civilized Tribes on the 27th day of July, 1861, at old Fort Wayne, in Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, a regiment of twelve companies was organized, with the following officers:

"Colonel, Stand Watie; lieutenant colonel, Thomas F. Taylor; major, Elias E. Boudinot; adjutant, Charles F. Waitie; quartermaster, George W. Adair; commissary, Joseph M. Starr, Sr.; surgeon, W. T. Adair, M.D.; assistant surgeon, W. D. Polson; chaplain, Rev. J. N. Slover; sergeant major, George W. West.

"The captains were as follows: — Buzzard, Company A (was killed at Fort Gibson, Ind. T.); Robert C. Parks, Company B; Daniel H. Coody, Company C; James M. Bell, Company D; Joseph F. Thompson, Company E; Joseph F. Smallwood, Company F; George H. Starr, Company G; John Thompson Mayse, Company H; Bluford West Alberty, Company I; J. Porum Davis, Company J; Jack Spears, Company K; James Thompson, Company L.

"This famous regiment participated in the following battles and skirmishes from 1861 to the close of the war, being the last unit of the Confederate army to surrender, with the exception of a few Missourians under Gen. M. Jeff Thompson in the Missouri swamps on the Mississippi River: In Missouri—Wilson's Creek, Newtonia, Short Creek, Neosho (twice). Indian Territory—Fort Wayne, Grove, Cabin Creek

(twice), Bird Creek, Fort Gibson (twice), Bayou Manard, Barren Fork, Camp Creek, Nigger Creek, Webber's Falls, Honey Springs, Mazzard Prairie. Arkansas—Pea Ridge (two days), Poison Springs, Prairie Grove. This regiment was also in many skirmishes, and the men showed themselves splendid fighters and always loyal to the Confederacy.

"This famous regiment of Indians was the nucleus around which formed the Indian Territory Brigade, which was composed of the 1st and 2nd Cherokee Regiments; the 1st and 2nd Creek Regiments; the 1st and 2nd Choctaw Regiments; the 2nd Battalion of Choctaws; the 1st Chickasaw Battalion; the 1st Battalion of Seminoles; and the 1st Battalion of Osages—all cavalry.

"Col. Stand Watie was promoted to brigadier general and placed in command of this famous brigade of Indians. There were no desertions from their ranks, and it is very fitting that a monument should be erected at Tahlequah, Okla., the old capital of the Cherokee Nation, to the memory of Gen. Stand Watie and his brave Cherokees in the war for State Rights and white supremacy."

MISSISSIPPIANS KILLED AT SHILOH.

Capt. J. L. Collins, Coffeeville, Miss., who served with Company A, of the 15th Mississippi Regiment, writes:

"In the list of officers from different States killed at the battle of Shiloh, as contributed by John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., to the April VETERAN, he has missed the mark materially in Mississippians, as the records will show. In addition to Lieut. Col. D. L. Herron, of the 44th Mississippi, Colonel Blythe, commanding the regiment, also was killed there; and he does not mention any of that gallant old 15th Mississippi Regiment which, but a few months before, on the 19th of January, at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., where Nashville's martyr, General Zollicoffer, was killed, had lost a number in killed, wounded, and captured. It was led by that peerless military chieftain, E. C. Walthall, who, commanding the infantry under Forrest, saved Hood's army after defeat at Nashville. Capt. F. M. Aldridge and First Lieut. Whit Morrow, of Company A, 15th Mississippi, were killed at Shiloh, and many privates were killed or wounded. All of the distinguished officers mentioned were lawyers and lived in Coffeeville, the county seat of Yalobusha County. There are only about a dozen of the old 15th Regiment left to keep the record straight, and no doubt they will read this with a feeling of pride.



In Woodlawn Cemetery, at Elmira, N. Y., there is a section known as the last resting place of 2,700 Confederate soldiers who suffered and died in Elmira Prison during the War between the States. It will be a comfort to many who had loved ones in that prison to know that this Confederate section is beautifully cared for, as may be seen by the picture here given. The cemetery is beautifully located and is kept in perfect condition.

APPOMATTOX.

BY S. A. STEEL, MANSFIELD, LA.

The curtain falls! Lee rides away,
In deep distress, but not dismay,
Unharnessed, but sublime.
Bright flower of democracy,
The noblest Anglo-Saxon he
In all the tides of time!

The curtain falls! The drama ends,
Deep silence on the scene descends,
And Lee's brave men depart.
Thus pass the gallant Cavaliers,
Whose memory their deeds endears
To every Southern heart.

The curtain falls! These valiant men
Have gone to never come again—
They are a vanished race;
A race that, "rarely hating ease,"
Yet on the land and on the seas
Heroic toils did face.

The curtain falls! Now all is still
On wood and field and silent hill,
Made famous by their deeds;
And by a thousand firesides,
Where honor dwells and truth abides,
Sweet peace to war succeeds.

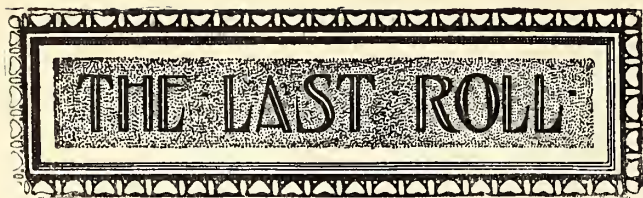
The curtain falls! The splendor fades,
And now the phantom host parades
On fame's vast camping ground;
And soon the last who wore the gray
Will go his solitary way—
"Lights out" and "taps" will sound.

The curtain falls! Let us retire,
But let the sacred vestal fire
Of faith in God be bright;
For over all the storms of life
He rules the elements of strife,
And wrong shall yield to right.

Farewell, brave heroes of the South,
Who at the blazing cannon's mouth,
Dared freedom's rights maintain.
Long as this great republic lives,
And liberty itself survives,
Your fame shall never wane!

The afterglow of glory bright
Gilds all the clouds of that dark night
Which shrouded all the land;
And sire to son the story tells,
And proudly on the record dwells
Of all your deeds so grand.

The South will ever hold with pride
The memory of those who died
For sacred liberty;
And endless glory wreath the name,
And ever brighter shine the fame
Of ROBERT EDWARD LEE!



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

ONE WHO WORE THE GRAY.

(In memory of Henry A. Eiffert, who died at Cleveland, Tenn., November 8, 1925.)

He was once a Southern soldier
Of the sixties, long ago,
And he loved the land called Dixie,
Where he fought and suffered so;
Loved to tell the deeds of valor
Of his comrades brave and true,
How they strove to win the battle
From the boys who wore the blue.

'Round the fireside in the evening,
With the children at his knee,
Proudly he'd relate the story
How he fought with noble Lee;
Tell them how the Yankees took him
On that Independence Day;
How they thrust him into prison
Just because he wore the gray.

With a comrade, locked securely,
In a structure damp and cold,
How they longed and prayed for freedom,
'Till one night they grew quite bold—
Made a tunnel in the cellar,
While the Yankees soundly slept,
And, with heart beats loudly throbbing,
Slowly through the wall they crept.

By the lines, then softly stealing,
Where the shadows thickest fell,
They could see the drowsy watchman,
Hear him chanting "All is well."
On through woods and brush they wandered,
Traveled night and hid by day,
'Till at last they reached old Dixie,
And the boys who wore the gray.

How he loved the dear old Southland,
Loved the home for which he fought.
Dimming eyes and feeble footsteps
Seemed to vanish, were as naught,
When he heard the strains of Dixie,
Heard that music sweet and clear.
Then he seemed to have the spirit
He possessed in yesteryear.

Though the strife was long forgotten,
They were brothers, one and all;
Still he loved to meet his comrades,
Always answered to their call.

But one day they found him absent
From their noble little band,
And they missed his kindly welcome,
Missed the clasping of his hand.

So they journeyed to the hearthstone
Of this soldier worn and gray,
There to find that he had answered
To the roll call far away.
On the morrow, just at sunset,
When the sky was flaming red,
Loved ones bore him to the hilltop,
Laid him there among the dead.

One by one they're swiftly passing—
Noble boys who wore the gray—
And methinks I see their leader
As he beckons them that way.
Soon their ranks will be completed,
Wounds and scars will be no more
When they've answered to the bugle,
Joined the comrades gone before.

Let us then be kind and tender
To these heroes of the past.
Noble Southland's fairest flowers
Can't withstand the winter's blast.

—Henrietta Eiffert Nelms, Rural Retreat, Va.

R. G. KING.

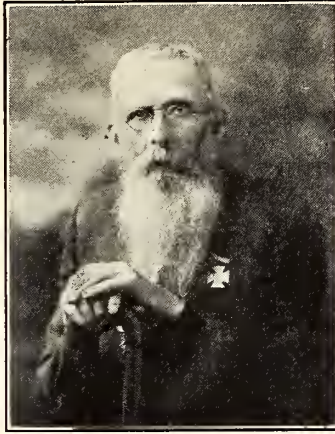
At Meridian, Miss., on February 2, 1926, R. G. King died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. D. Simpson, after some months of failing health. He was one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Eastern Mississippi, for many years a resident of Lauderdale County, later of Kemper County, where he was engaged in farming and merchandising. For better school facilities, he removed his family nearer to Meridian, and after his health failed his home was with his daughter in the town.

Comrade King was known throughout his life for his sunny disposition and his willingness to coöperate in any undertaking for the betterment of mankind, and he scattered sunshine and love throughout his life. The greatest heritage he could leave his children is his own life's record. He loved to recall the stirring days of the sixties, when, as a young man, he enlisted in the Western Army, first going to Bowling Green, Ky. There he contracted measles, followed by typhus fever, leaving him with a bronchial trouble which followed him through life. He often told of his comrades not wishing to go on picket duty with him, when the Yankees would yell: "Cough again, Johnny!" He could have been discharged, but he followed the Western Army to Dalton, Atlanta, Resaca, and on down the Chattahoochee River, and took part in any undertaking which required special nerve, such as one of those with Lieutenant Rea on scout duty, etc. From an article on Rea's Sharpshooters, written some years ago, the following is taken: "I close this with a tribute to all comrades. Some have crossed the river and are resting under the shade of the trees. A few are still living, but in a few more years the last roll will have been called and the Confederate soldier will be no more."

Now taps has sounded for him, and he has passed over the river and is "waiting and watching at the Beautiful Gate." He was a devoted husband, a kind father, and a splendid citizen.

T. C. SHERWOOD.

Thomas Cade Sherwood, son of Richard and Patsy Bethea Sherwood, was born February 14, 1848, at the family home near Little Rock, S. C. His grandparents, John and Nannie Smith Sherwood, emigrated from Nansemond County, Va., in 1815, and settled near the town of Marion, S. C., but removed after a few years to what is now the Delcho section, finally, in 1833, locating permanently on a farm of some twelve hundred acres in the Little Rock community. This home came into the possession of their son Richard, and here Thomas Cade Sherwood was born and spent his youth, acquiring those moral and physical qualities from life on the farm which are so vital and which laid the foundation for a successful and useful career.



T. C. SHERWOOD.

But this period of training was not allowed to continue. The war drums were throbbing, the battle flags were unfurled, his native country was at war, and there was the urgent call for even the youth of the land. Thomas Sherwood did not shrink nor shirk, but responded to this call and entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, joining Company C, South Carolina State troops, which, with other companies, assembled at Florence, S. C., under the command of Major Duncan. This company was later made a part of the 2nd South Carolina Regiment, and was detailed for active service around and below Charleston, engaging in several skirmishes, the most important of which occurred at Pocotaligo and Honey Hill.

At the conclusion of the war, young Sherwood returned home and began life anew. Having a mechanical turn of mind, he engaged in construction work, somewhat limited in that day, along with work on the farm, and some time later purchased a farm about three miles from his old home and two miles north of Little Rock. He settled on that and through the years improved, enlarged, and developed his farm, anticipating and putting into practice many of the so-called modern methods of drainage and agriculture.

In 1881, he was married to Miss Laura LeGette, of Clio, S. C., and of this union there were five sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the wife and mother, survive him. Although deprived of educational advantages, the schools of his day being poor, yet he mastered the elementary branches sufficiently for successful business and was a supporter of schools and provided college training for all of his children.

Comrade Sherwood was a faithful and loyal member of the Methodist Church, a regular attendant at the Sunday school and Church services, and was interested in the general denominational work of his Church. He was also a member of the Masonic order and was once Master of the local lodge. He never aspired to public office, and only once accepted a public position when he served as a member of the county board of commissioners for Marion County, and served as a member of the Dillon County pension board until his death. He took keen delight in this latter service with his old comrades, esteeming it a honor to serve them. He was loyal to

the cause of the Confederacy and rarely missed a reunion, no matter how far, and was an enthusiastic subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Thomas Cade Sherwood was a unique character in many ways. He was frugal in his habits, yet liberal in his charity; a hard worker, yet willing to take time to be hospitable; applied himself to his own affairs, yet sought frequently for counsel in adjudicating differences, fixing land lines, and appraising farm property; impatient with sham, yet sympathetic and willing to extend a helping hand. He was unostentatious in manner and never cared for publicity. Many of his deeds of charity and kindness were known only to himself and the beneficiary. It is not too much to say that he lived in the high esteem of his neighbors, and in his death, which occurred November 24, 1925, the community lost a valued citizen. He was laid away in the cemetery of the Little Rock Methodist Church. A fine tribute to his memory was paid on this occasion, and his family have the privilege of cherishing that memory and treasuring and perpetuating the many splendid elements of character which were so prominent, though unconsciously, in the life of their departed loved one. In his going the county has sustained a loss and the principles of the Confederacy are deprived of an ardent supporter, yet the wholesome influence of his life still abides and, "though dead, yet he speaketh."

"With us his name shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears."

DR. JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY.

Dr. Joseph T. Derry, formerly professor of languages in Wesleyan College, at Macon, Ga., and for more than twenty years in the departments of agriculture and of commerce and labor of the United States, as a resident of Atlanta, Ga., died in Jacksonville, Fla., his late home, on February 16.

After funeral services at Macon, interment was in Riverside Cemetery, on the banks of the Ocmulgee River.

Dr. Derry was born December 13, 1841, in Milledgeville, Ga., and was married to Elizabeth Dunning Osborne, August 5, 1862, while a soldier of the Confederate army. He is survived by a daughter and two sons, also ten grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

Dr. Derry fought throughout the War between the States as a private, serving as a member of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, a famous Georgia company during the war.

In late years a colonel on the staff of Gov. N. E. Harris, of Georgia, and also was elected to the rank of lieutenant colonel by his camp, No. 159, of the United Confederate Veterans, he refused always to accept military titles.

Dr. Derry was widely known as author and educator, and many of America's distinguished statesmen were former students in his classes.

He was a devout Methodist and was well known as teacher of the adult Bible class at St. Mark's Sunday School in Atlanta, Ga.

CHARLES M. ROUCH.

Charles Martin Rouch, native of West Virginia and retired farmer, died at his urban home, "Commanding View," Elkins, W. Va., on March 15. He had four years of active service in the Confederate army with Company B, 1st Virginia, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and was in the fighting at Antietam, Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Bull Run, and Gettysburg. He was twice wounded. His wife and four children survive him.

EDWARD BERKELEY SMITH.

In loving memory of Edward Berkeley Smith, born in Frederick County, Va., February 25, 1833; died at Warm Springs, Va., March 8, 1925; a son of Zedekiah and Emily Iden Smith.

At the close of a peaceful Sabbath day, while the evening sky was tinged by the vivid afterglow of an unusually colorful sunset, he quietly passed from mortality into immortality.

Death takes our loved ones from our homes, but not from our hearts and memories, for love spans the chasm between the seen and the unseen, separating time from eternity.

At the outbreak of war between the States, Mr. Smith volunteered in defense of Virginia, but, on account of deafness, was not accepted for military service. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he determined to render what service he could as a private citizen, and all through the hardships of war he lived up to this resolve by nursing sick and wounded soldiers and by furnishing such farm products as he could to various branches of the Southern army. In acknowledgment of that service, and in honor of his unswerving loyalty, he went to his last resting place in a casket draped with the flag he so well loved, honored, and served.

Born of Scotch-Irish, Dutch, and English ancestry, possessing great faith, patience, and will power, gentle of manner, his sunny disposition permitted no shadow or trace of bitterness to linger long over his serene life. He lived close to nature, unselfishly, simply, and without pretense, governed by the principles of the golden rule. These characteristic traits, together with his keen sense of humor, genial smile, and cheery greetings won for him many friends and endeared him to those he met in all ranks of life. Truly, "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

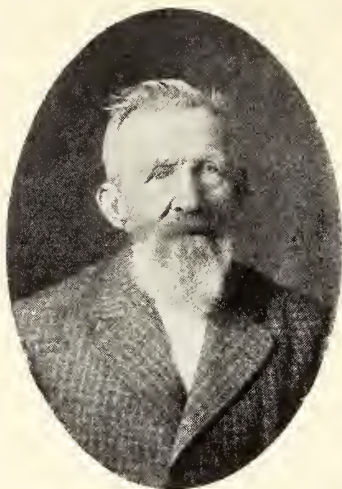
"We'll miss his voice, his smile, and the true helping
Of his kindly hand,
Till through the storm and tempest, safely anchored
Just on the other side,
We'll see his dear face looking through death's shadows,
Not changed—but glorified!"

MAJ. THOMAS B. BEALL.

Maj. Thomas B. Beall, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Marion E. Moseley, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 1, 1926, at the age of eighty-four years, was born in Jefferson County, Va. (now West Virginia), on September 8, 1841.

At about the age of seventeen or eighteen he went to Dubuque, Ia., and shortly thereafter to Canton, Miss., where he later joined the Jackson Rifles, one of the first volunteer organizations (if not the first) to enter the Confederate service from Mississippi. He first served as a private, then successively as staff officer under General Johnston in the Western army and ultimately under General Early in the Valley.

After the close of the war, Major Beall removed to Baltimore, Md. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss



EDWARD BERKELEY SMITH.

Lucy Berry, daughter of Capt. Charles A. Berry. After her death he married her sister, Miss Marion L. Berry, who died in 1891. Six children were born of the second marriage, of whom only a daughter and a son survive, both residents of Brooklyn. "My sister and myself," writes Charles A. Beall, "the only remaining immediate members of his family, are only too proud that our father wore the gray and so faithfully served under the Southern flag."

PLEASANT GREEN MOORE.

Pleasant Green Moore, who died at his home in Granite Falls, N. C., January 29, 1926, was the youngest son of Col. Green Moore and Sarah Shoun, and was one of fourteen children. "Paddy," as he was affectionately called in the family, was born November 6, 1847, in Mountain City (then Taylorsville), Tenn., and at the old home, nestled among the hills of East Tennessee, he spent his early boyhood. And while only a youth, as the meager news came from the battles, his young heart was stirred with patriotism for his beloved Southland, and he longed to go and defend her cause; but on account of his youth and the entreaties of father, mother, and sisters, who had already given two sons and brothers (Martin Van Buren, who wore the gray, and John Leonard, who wore the blue—a family divided), was for a time prevented from having his desire. But at the age of sixteen, with a nephew, Eugene Dickson, about his own age, he enlisted and served with the 6th North Carolina Cavalry, of which his brother, Martin Van Buren Moore, was captain. He remained in the service until the close of the war, and then went to Illinois. Two years later he returned to the South and located at Lenoir, N. C., in the mercantile business with his brother, Martin. Later he moved to Granite Falls, N. C., where he helped to organize the Granite Falls Cotton Mills, and for many years served as secretary and treasurer. He was a man of large affairs, and was always interested in the progress and development of his community and section. He was also interested in Church work, having in early life joined the Methodist Church, and lived a consistent member.

Mr. Moore was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Lizzie Forney, and to them five children were born. His second marriage was to Miss Myra McDowell, who, with six sons and one daughter, survives him. He is also survived by one sister.

Friends and relatives in large numbers, from all over the State, attended the funeral services, and he was laid to the last long sleep in the cemetery at Granite Falls.

[Annie B. Matney, a great niece.]

R. L. CURD.

One of the most active members of Camp Joseph E. Johnston, of Childress, Tex., has been lost in the death of Richard Leonidas Curd, on March 12, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Leach, at Childress. He had been Adjutant of the Camp for years, faithfully serving and executing his duty at all times. His place will be hard to fill. Only about seven members are left in this Camp, feeble in body, yet ever faithful to the cause and loyal to the South.

Comrade Curd was an active worker and deeply interested in everything for the upbuilding of State and country. He was the "father" of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at this place, as it was by and through his efforts that the local Chapter was organized a little more than two years ago, he having worked for several years to get interest enough manifested to organize. As a Christian gentleman, he was above reproach; a friend to the fatherless, ministering to the needy, and in his quiet, unassuming way making his life

an example of Christian virtues. Early in life he became a member of the Christian Church and devoted the greater part of his later years to the study of the Bible and left many Biblical writings that he had prepared.

Richard Curd was born in Kentucky, May 19, 1845, and in his sixteenth year joined the Confederate army, serving in Company G, 7th Kentucky Infantry, through the four years of war. He had but one furlough, and that was to visit his sick mother.

Tenderly we draped his casket with the Stars and Bars he loved so well, and his body was laid to rest beside that of his wife, who died some ten years ago. Two sons and three daughters are left.

WILLIAM C. RECTOR.

After an illness of eight months, William Columbus Rector died at the home of his daughter in Leesburg, Va., on March 8, within a week of his eighty-second birthday.

He entered Confederate service, August 1, 1861, in the Quartermaster Department of General Bonham's First South Carolina Brigade, then resigned and entered Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, known as the Mountain Rangers, March 1, 1862, Gen. Turner Ashby's command. He served in the Valley campaign with General T. J. Jackson through 1862; was left by order of Gen. William E. Jones to bury the dead and wait upon wounded at Greenland Gap, W. Va., April 25, 1863; was captured about May 1, escaped July 12, 1863; exchanged about November 1, 1863. Entered service, participated in all the fights of the command until disbanded at Swoop's Depot, nine miles west of Staunton, Va., January 16, 1865; was captured at home in Fauquier County, February 16, 1865, spent three weeks in old Capitol, Washington, D. C.; was taken to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass., March 4, 1865, and liberated June 16, 1865.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter. Also one brother, E. B. Rector, of Washington.

After funeral services at Leesburg, he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Middleburg.

In sending this sketch of Comrade Rector, Capt. John G. Herndon, of East Falls Church, Va., writes: "This sketch is a faithful portrait of a true and gallant soldier. There was no better soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. He and I were as close in comradeship as were Jonathan and David. We rolled under the same blanket after a former comrade was killed. A whole-hearted and brave soldier has fallen. Peace, sweet peace, is his everlasting portion."

CHARLES EDWARD EGAN.

Charles E. Egan, whose death occurred on the 7th of January, in the eighty-third year of his age, at the Confederate Home, Columbia, S. C., entered the service of the Confederacy May 15, 1863, as private in Company I, 27th Regiment, of Hagood's Brigade, South Carolina Volunteers, in the city of Charleston, and was honorably discharged April 9, 1865.

He was with his command during the occupation and siege of Battery Wagner, than which there was no more trying episode during the war. On its evacuation, his command was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia. A month or two before General Lee withdrew from Petersburg he was captured and remained a prisoner at Point Lookout till the end of the war. He was of Irish descent and was a gallant soldier.

After his discharge from the army, Brother Egan made his home in the vicinity of Eastover, S. C., leading the life

of a useful and respected citizen. He was a member of Zion (Episcopal) Church, and for many years, to the day of his death, its junior warden.

[John H. Tillinghast, Rector Emeritus, Zion Church.]

DR. L. A. WAILES.

After some years of semi-invalidism, Dr. Leonard Alexander Wailes died at his home in New Orleans, La., on March 27. He had been a resident of that city for many years, but was a native of Adams County, Miss. Born in 1838, he graduated in medicine in Philadelphia in 1861 and located in Catahoula Parish, La., and there became a member of the Texas Cavalry, under Capt. Isaac F. Harrison. This company was mustered into the Confederate service in Memphis, Tenn., as Company A, of the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, the regiment being made up of companies from Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana. This regiment received its baptism of fire at Green River in Kentucky and was a part of the army under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston in the campaign ending with the battle of Shiloh, but later on, on the organization of the Trans-Mississippi Department under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, it became a part of that department, Captain Harrison having been promoted successively to brigadier general, and given authority to organize a brigade, took his old company with him into the Trans-Mississippi, his command having continuous and ardent service in the Red River campaign, which terminated in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

In the meantime, Comrade Wailes had been assigned to the Medical Corps and made post surgeon at Alexandria, and later on was put in charge of the supplies and effects of the hospital at Pineville (the post hospital), with the sick and wounded from the army below, with instructions to transfer them to the hospital at Shreveport, and at this place he was ordered to continue on to Jefferson, Tex., where the transfer was finally made. He was then a part of the Medical Corps located at Mansfield, and helped to minister to the sick and wounded of both armies after the defeat of Banks, but when our army was reestablished at Alexandria, he was recalled to the post there. Some months later, he was ordered to report to his old regiment, and then until the surrender he served as regimental surgeon and was paroled at Alexandria.

After the war he lived in Baton Rouge and in New Orleans, actively occupied in his profession until the infirmities of age came upon him. Readers of the VETERAN will recall a number of contributions from his pen during the past several years, and his devotion to the cause of the South never wavered. He was much beloved wherever known, and his last days were made comfortable by the ministrations of family and friends.

JOHN C. CLUCK.

John Calvin Cluck, born in Jefferson County, Tenn., six miles west of Morristown, on March 7, 1843, was a member of Company I, 31st Tennessee Regiment, in the War between the States. Shortly after the close of the war, he went to South Carolina, where he married Miss Sarah Lucinda Medlock, and was engaged in farming near Brewerton in Laurens County up to the time of the death of his wife in December, 1899, when he went to live with his son and only surviving child, W. J. Cluck, of Mountville, S. C. He died on June 7, 1923, aged eighty years and three months to the day.

He had been a consistent Christian and a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, South, for many years.

JUDGE JOHN T. GOOLRICK.

Death came suddenly to Judge John T. Goolrick, lifelong resident of Fredericksburg, Va., on September 16, after a brief illness. For thirty-two years he had been judge of the corporation court, and still presided over its sessions daily, and he was in his office when stricken. He had been prominently identified with politics in his State practically throughout his life, and his ability as an orator brought many demands upon him for public occasions.

John T. Goolrick, born at Tackett Mills, Stafford County, Va., September 10, 1843, was the son of Peter and Jane Tackett Goolrick. His father was a political emigrant from Ireland, prominently identified with Fredericksburg business interests and mayor of the city for several terms. Having spent practically all of his life at Fredericksburg, Judge Goolrick loved the old city and gave generously of his time and talent in its interest. His splendid intellectual attainments endowed him as a writer, and his productions were of a high order, as evidenced in his "Life of Gen. Hugh Mercer," "The Irishman in the Civil War," and "The History of Fredericksburg," and he had contributed many articles to magazines and periodicals.

An ardent and enthusiastic Southerner, Judge Goolrick was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy and a staunch defender of its principles. He served with Braxton's Battery, of the Fredericksburg Artillery, and was severely wounded at Petersburg, which incapacitated him for several months. Returning to his command, he was one of those who participated in the closing scenes at Appomattox. He was on the staff of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., was Commander of the Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans at Fredericksburg, and for more than twenty years had presided over the annual memorial services to the Confederate dead, a distinction of which he was very proud.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Frances Seymour White, daughter of Capt. Chester B. White, U. S. A., and four sons, one of whom, Maj. Robert E. M. Goolrick, is with the United States Air Service at Honolulu.

Judge Goolrick was a member of the Episcopal Church, a Mason and Odd Fellow. He was laid to rest in the City Cemetery at Fredericksburg, and among the many floral offerings was a tribute sent by the governor in the name of the State of Virginia.

THOMAS R. GANT.

Thomas R. Gant, one of the best known citizens of Ray County, Mo., died in Lawson, Mo., after an illness of some weeks, aged eighty-nine years. He was born in North Carolina, March 31, 1836, the son of Joshua A. Gant, and the family removed to Missouri in 1838, and Thomas Gant had been a citizen of Ray County for eighty-seven years, with the exception of his years of service in the Confederate army.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he enlisted in Company C, 3rd Missouri Infantry, and served throughout the war with honor and distinction. His command was with the famous Cockrell Brigade, and he participated in many of the important battles of the war, such as Second Iuka, Corinth, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Black River, Atlanta, Kennesaw, and Franklin.

At the close of the war he returned to Ray County and, with his brothers, conducted one of the leading businesses of the county, but disposed of this and located in Lawson, which continued to be his home. He was married to Mrs. Ann E. Green, daughter of Jackson Hughes, who survives him with two sons and a daughter.

Comrade Gant was a man of strong convictions, generous in his estimate of others, and loyal and devoted to his friends. Faithful always to the principles for which he fought in the sixties, he never tired of rehearsing the incidents of his service for the Confederacy, and his love and admiration for that great leader, General Lee, never waned. His passing leaves but a remnant of those who enlisted from Ray County.

Funeral services were from the Methodist Church in Lawson, of which he had been a member for many years, and he was laid away with Masonic rites.

GEN. W. H. SEBRING, U. C. V.

After an illness of several months, Gen. W. H. Sebring, former Commander of the Florida Division, U. C. V., died on February 14, 1926, and was laid to rest in the cemetery at Jacksonville.

Early in April, 1861, William Sebring enlisted for the Confederacy, and at Memphis, Tenn., helped to raise a company known as the Carolina Grays, which later became Company E, of William B. Bate's 2nd Tennessee Regiment. The regiment was sworn into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, Va., on May 9, and ordered to Richmond, later taking part in the battle of Manassas and other engagements on the Potomac until the reenlistment of February, 1862, when it was transferred to Tennessee and reorganized at Corinth, Miss., on the 4th of April in time to get to Shiloh for that memorable battle.

When the regiment was reorganized, William Sebring joined Company D as private until promoted to lieutenant in May, 1863, and took part in the engagements of his command until July, when he was sent to the hospital at Enterprise, Miss. Learning that his regiment had been sent to Kentucky, he insisted on being allowed to rejoin it, but, not being able for active service, he was detailed to the Camp of Directions at Chattanooga and was later made adjutant of the camp. In March, 1863, he was made third lieutenant in the Provisional Army, and was later appointed to carry dispatches from the War Department at Richmond to the Trans-Mississippi Department. In trying to return to Richmond, he was captured at Jacksonport, Ark., on July 20, by a band of Missouri militia, a company of Kansas jayhawkers, and was taken to St. Louis and tried as a spy and bushwhacker and condemned to be shot. However, he escaped from Gratoit prison and surrendered with Company C, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, at Mount Sterling, Ky., April 30, 1865.

In June following he married Miss Annie Perdue, of Memphis, where they lived for some years, then were in Kentucky and Florida. Of their six children, a son and daughter are left, with four grandchildren.

General Sebring was a thirty-second degree Mason, and devoted to the order.

MARSHALL E. MITCHELL.

Marshall E. Mitchell, a grand old Confederate soldier, born February 20, 1837, in Spartanburg, S. C., died on March 18, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joe Dunkum, in Kaufman, Tex. There had been a family reunion and celebration of his eighty-ninth birthday just a few weeks before. He was a member of the 40th Alabama Infantry in the Confederate army and took part in many battles during the war. He was captured at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., by Joe Hooker's army and carried to Rock Island, Ill., where he remained a prisoner for eighteen months. Soon after the close of the War between the States, he married, and he and his wife made the long trip from Alabama to Texas in a covered

wagon. He was a member of the Methodist Church, a splendid neighbor, and noble citizen. He left surviving him two daughters and three sons. Peace to his memory.

[J. S. Woods.]

CAPT. F. G. TERRY.

Capt. Felix Grundy Terry, an outstanding citizen of Trigg County, Ky., died at his home in Cadiz, on March 6, 1926, after an illness of several weeks. Captain Terry was born in Christian County, Ky., on the 28th of April, 1838, and thus had nearly completed his eighty-eighth year. He was the fifth of nine children of Abner R. and Eleanor Dyer Terry, both of whom were natives of Virginia. The family moved to Trigg County soon after the birth of this son, and his home had been in Cadiz since his sixth year. He received appointment to the naval school at Annapolis, Md., and was there for two years, then was a clerk in the Auditor's office of the Treasury Department at Washington until the breaking out of the war, when he returned to his home in Kentucky.

There he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company G, 8th Regiment, Kentucky Volunteer Infantry. He was elected third lieutenant of his company, and in the fall of 1862 was elected captain and thus served to the end.

Among the battles in which he participated were Fort Donelson, siege of Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Miss., Guntown, Tupelo, Franklin, Tenn., and in all the engagements from that point on to the retreat of Hood's army to the Tennessee River. He was wounded at Fort Donelson and was out of the service for some months.

After the war he returned to Cadiz and engaged in the drug business, which he operated successfully for more than twenty years. He had also been cashier of the Bank of Cadiz, and from 1900 had been vice president of the Trigg County Farmers' Bank, and also connected for some years with a hardware business of Cadiz.

Captain Terry was married in 1868 to Miss Dannie Dyer, daughter of Judge Alfred B. Dyer, and of their five children only a daughter survives.

He had repeatedly held the positions of town trustee and city councilman of Cadiz, high school trustee, and for more than half his life had been a member of the official board of the Cadiz Methodist Church, of which he was a devoted member, interested in its every activity. In his social life he was a favorite among all, and people of all ages delighted in his companionship. He rejoiced in the love and devotion of the young people, and they shared his esteem and devoted friendship.

LEONIDAS GRIFFIN.

At the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Ollor, in Tacoma, Wash., death came to Leonidas Griffin on January 20, 1926, after some months of failing health. He was born at College Hill, Oxford, Miss., on March 27, 1844, and served as a private in Company F, of Jones's Battalion of Cavalry. While the great battle of Shiloh was being fought, he was taken ill with black measles, and, with others, was sent to the home of Major Oliver in Hernando, Miss., where he was given the tenderest of care. After his recovery, he fought at Fort Pillow and along the Mississippi River. He was never reconstructed, although he went through eight years of that awful period.

Comrade Griffin (familiarily known as "Lon") was married to Miss Moselle O'Neal, who was born at Tyro, Miss., April 5, 1854, and died May 24, 1924. Surviving them are the two sons, H. W. and B. F. Griffin, and a daughter, Mrs. A. W. Ollor, of Tacoma, with whom they had made their home since 1913.

They were ever an inspiration to their loved ones, living the ideals and principles of the Old South.

JUDGE L. B. MCFARLAND.

In the death of Judge Louis B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., which occurred on March 28 after a brief illness, the city has lost one of its best-loved citizens and another gallant veteran is lost from the ranks of gray. He was a native Tennessean, the son of Dr. William Felix McFarland, who located at Dancyville, in Haywood County, in 1841; and his mother was Martha Ann Douglass, daughter of a prominent planter of Fayette County. He was born April 7, 1843, and his rearing amid the distinctive environment of the Old South helped to develop those splendid characteristics which distinguished him through life. The soul of gentleness itself, in him was typified the gentility of that day in its highest form.

Louis McFarland entered Lagrange College, at Florence, Ala., in 1860, but when the war came on he went home and enlisted with a company being organized at Dancyville, which became Company A, of the 9th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade. He was appointed corporal, then sergeant major of the regiment, and in April, 1863, he was elected lieutenant of the company. Later on he served as aid on the staff of Gen. George Maney until the evacuation of Atlanta, after which he was detailed to Auburn, Ala., as commandant of the post, a large number of hospitals being there. Wilson's raid caused their removal, and the troops retreated to West Point, Ga., and there he served as adjutant on General Tyler's staff. A gallant stand was made here by the small force against overwhelming numbers of the Federals, and General Tyler and several men were killed. This battle was fought on April 16, 1865, and is known as the last battle fought east of the Mississippi. As prisoners the surrendered force was sent to Macon, Ga., and there paroled. At this place they first learned of the surrender of General Lee.

Returning home, young McFarland decided upon the law for his life work, and he graduated from the Lebanon Law School in 1867 and entered upon his legal practice in Memphis, where he became eminent in that profession. After forty-one years of practice he retired in 1908, finding keen delight in his home, his books, and outdoor recreation. He was a lover of nature, of the soil; and the Ellemac Stock Farm, established by him in 1886, became one of the show places of West Tennessee. It was here that the great trotting horse Turley was developed, a winner of many prizes and trophies. As chairman of the Memphis Park Commission, Judge McFarland was a leader of the work which has made that a city beautiful in its splendid parkways. He was a gifted writer and speaker, an outstanding orator of his day, always in demand for important occasions. Ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was prominent in the great Confederate organization, having served on the staffs of several Commanders in Chief, U. C. V.

Judge McFarland was twice married, his first wife being Ellen Virginia Saunders, daughter of Col. James E. Saunders, of Rocky Hill, Ala., with whom he served during the war. An interesting contribution to the VETERAN some years ago was the diary kept by this young girl during the war, and whom he married in 1872. His second marriage, in 1902, was to Mrs. Floy Graham Allen, of a distinguished Memphis family, who survives him. In a little book of memoirs he has paid tribute to these loved companions of his life, his appreciation feelingly expressed in its closing words: "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

In beautiful Elmwood Cemetery, at Memphis, he was laid to rest, attended by many friends and loved ones, who mourn the passing of one whose life had been an example and a benediction.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When this letter is read the United Confederate Veterans' reunion will be at hand. Elaborate plans are being made by Birmingham to entertain the Veterans, the Sons, and the official ladies. Birmingham's fame as a hostess city is well known, and all visitors are in a state of pleasant anticipation.

The organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, owing to its size and the great amount of work which it transacts at the time of its annual convention, finds it impossible to meet at the time and place of the veterans and other Confederate organizations. It is, therefore, a very beautiful and very courteous custom of the veterans to appoint as Matron of Honor for the South the President General, U. D. C., thus giving official recognition to this branch of the service.

Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, tendered to the President General this appointment, which was duly accepted with great appreciation, and the organization will, therefore, be represented by her in Birmingham, May 18-21, 1926. The staff of the President General will at all times be the members of the Executive Board.

Much business having accumulated since the convention in Hot Springs, and several problems having arisen which require consideration by the Executive Board in meeting assembled, it, therefore, became necessary for the President General to call a meeting of the Executive Board for Monday, the 17th of May, in Birmingham, at the Tutwiler Hotel. A full attendance is promised.

The Tennessee Division holds its annual convention in Memphis, the week preceding the reunion. The President General has accepted the invitation of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, President of the Tennessee Division, to be the guest of honor of the convention.

An invitation has also been accepted by her to be the house guest of Miss Annie Wheeler, the daughter of "Fighting Joe Wheeler," in her home at Wheeler, Ala.

It was very pleasant to receive last week a letter of greeting from the President of the Major General de Polignac Chapter U. D. C., in Paris, France. The greetings were conveyed by Mme. de Crequi Montfort de Courtivron, with cordial expressions from the Princess C. de Polignac. It is very encouraging and interesting to be in touch with this Chapter in far-away France.

In considering the various objects of work for the U. D. C. which should engage special attention, the Matthew Fontaine

Maury Prize of a pair of binoculars to the midshipman at the United State Naval Academy, at Annapolis, who takes highest stand in physics, and the effort to advance the name of Matthew Fontaine Maury for the Hall of Fame should stand forth as of paramount importance.

While it is recognized that there are no Daughters of the Confederacy who resemble a certain Mr. Heyward Broun, who confesses his ignorance and shame at never having heard of Matthew Fontaine Maury, whom all the rest of the world has honored and decorated, still it may be well for the members of this organization to make it a habit to read and study the life and achievements of this great American.

Those who failed to observe his birthday, January 14, which is given as one of the red-letter days of the U. D. C., may find it of value to devote a day during the spring and summer months to the study of this great man. Attention is called to his "Reply to the Russian Offer," written from Richmond, Va., in 1861, and embodying the strongest belief in the right of self-government, expressed in so brief and convincing a manner that it would be well for each Daughter to familiarize herself with it.

This famous letter may be found in the Library of Southern Literature and will repay anyone for the trouble of finding and reading.

An interesting and highly appreciated letter has been received from one of the Sons of Union Veterans in Elmira, N. Y., giving information concerning the Woodlawn Cemetery, at Elmira, which contains the remains of 2,700 Confederate soldiers who died in prison there during the war.

The cemetery is beautifully located and two men are employed to keep it in perfect condition. The graves are marked by white marble headstones. It is very gratifying to hear of the care being taken of these graves by the people of Elmira, showing, as it does, such kindness of heart and consideration of a former foe.

IN MEMORIAM.

Maj. Philip H. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., died at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., at the age of forty-three years and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. Major Bagby was the son of Dr. George W. Bagby, a distinguished Virginian of great literary ability, and the brother of Mrs. Charles Bolling. To Mrs. Bolling, our coworker and prospective hostess, we extend our deepest sympathy in her bereavement over the loss of this beloved brother. Virginia loses a brilliant son and the army a gallant officer.

Cordially yours,

RUTH JENNINGS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Division.—Mrs. T. D. Rambo, President of Charles Coffin Chapter, of Forest City, has sent the chairman of education of Arkansas Division \$50 toward establishing the Charles Coffin Memorial Loan Fund.

Every school in Johnson County celebrated General Lee's birthday. This was due largely to the efforts and enthusiasm of Felix Batson Chapter.

The Seven Generals Chapter, of Helena, is preparing to confer a number of Crosses of Service.

Eldorado Chapter has presented to the schools some very handsome portraits of Southern generals.

Several new Chapters are in the process of formation.

* * *

Maryland Division.—In the death of Mrs. Clayton Hoyt, Corresponding Secretary of the Maryland Division, an able and most efficient officer has been lost. The sympathy of the Division is extended to her husband and family.

At the semi-annual meeting, held at the Wayside Inn, Frederick, under the auspices of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, this Chapter reported ten new members and three more about to join; they have given twenty-five dollars to the Confederate Women's Home and have also donated ten dollars toward a sword to be presented to West Point in memory of Robert Edward Lee.

The chairman of the Home for Confederate Women, Mrs. Edward Holbert, told of their present residence, into which they have recently moved, located at 6000 Bellona Avenue, Govans.

At the afternoon session, Mrs. Darby read several amendments which it was deemed proper to make, that the Division Constitution would be in accord with the U. D. C. Constitution.

Baltimore Chapter announced that the Ann Johnson Poe Scholarship is open for next year, and that this Chapter will entertain the Maryland Division in the "Monumental City" in the autumn.

Mrs. Charles E. Parr sent a picture of President Jefferson Davis to the Division. This will be presented and will occupy a prominent place at every Division meeting in the future.

Mrs. William Stewart, of Baltimore, was appointed to fill the unfinished term of Mrs. Hoyt.

* * *

North Carolina Division.—The Historian of the North Carolina Division, Mrs. John H. Anderson, has announced an unusually long and interesting list of prizes on historical subjects for this year. The thirty-three prizes of gold coins include many phases of Confederate history, among them being Davis and the Confederate Cabinet; North Carolina's Part in the Confederacy; Confederate Victories; History of the North Carolina Division; The Restoration of Arlington; Best History of Any County of North Carolina in the Confederacy, etc. Besides the prizes to be competed for by members of the Division, there are a number offered especially to college students, such as "Secession Arguments of the South;" "Blockade Running in the Confederacy;" "North Carolina's Part in Organizing Troops;" and "Poets of the Confederacy;" while six prizes are offered for original poetry on Southern subjects.

The Division Historian has collected numbers of interesting reminiscences from the survivors of the War between the States of "Christmas in the Confederacy," the result of a call made by her through the press during the Christmas season. She is also adding to her collection of Confederate

mothers of many sons, making an Honor Roll of these Spartan mothers of North Carolina. A plea made by Mrs. Anderson before the Press Institute of the State in January is meeting with fine results in arousing interest in this historical work. The governor of North Carolina, at the request of the Historian, is urging every school to place State flags on their school buildings. On every hand there is increased interest in the preservation of the history of the Confederacy, and greater pride in our Southland is being shown.

* * *

South Carolina Division.—The recent meeting of the Mary Ann Brie Chapter, of Johnston, was held in the home of one of the out-of-town members, Mrs. Georgia Jackson Holmes. The reports of officers showed the Chapter to be in most excellent condition, and among its many activities are the maintenance of a Confederate Shelf in the town library and marking graves of Confederate soldiers. Memorial Day was planned for April 30, and a speaker selected for the occasion. The program for the day consisted of interesting papers and Confederate songs.

During the social hour which followed, coffee was poured from a pot one hundred and fifty years old.

* * *

Virginia Division.—Plans are being made for the various district meetings to be held throughout the State during April and May.

Mrs. Edwin Goffigon, Division Chairman of Education, has recently issued her circular announcing available scholarships and has the prospect of a very successful year.

The newly organized children of the Confederacy Chapter at Farmville, has entered upon its work with enthusiasm. They recently gave a pageant, "The Crowning of Peace," which was a very enjoyable event.

* * *

West Virginia Division.—A number of the Chapters in West Virginia report the celebration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson, as follows:

Charleston Chapter, by bestowing two World War Crosses with appropriate exercises.

Parkersburg Chapter, by an evening of song and story at Trinity Hall and bestowing one Cross of Honor. The main feature was an address by Captain Edgar Heermans, a veteran ninety years old, who was dressed in his Confederate uniform.

Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, held at the high school a test on Southern history in the form of questions and answers by the students, and a book was the prize for the best answers.

William Fife Chapter, of Buffalo, is in a Yankee community, and, instead of having essays on Lee and Jackson, gave a program of local history. The attendance at anything of the kind is generally very poor, but this year the principal of the school closed both the high school and the grades to allow the pupils to attend; consequently there was a full house. Part of the program consisted of a sketch of the battle of Scary, W. Va., fought on the 17th day of June, 1861; a skirmish near Buffalo written by Mrs. Samantha Morgan who was an eyewitness; a sketch of Gen. John McCausland, whose daughter is a member of the Chapter, and one of Col. William E. Fife, for whom the Chapter is named. A prize of \$5 in gold, offered for the best essay on Stonewall Jackson, was won by a little boy whose people all fought on the other side, but the essay was excellent. One Cross of Service was given.

Huntington Chapter gave their annual dinner to the veter-

ans. They were honored by the presence of the first Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of Charleston.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, gave a banquet at which the veterans were guests of honor, and a fine program was rendered.

The Lawson Botts Chapter, of Charles Town, had the movie manager put on "Dixie," the Yale University film, for both matinee and night on Lee's birthday, and besides being interesting and instructive, a nice sum of money was realized. The Chapter has obtained a scholarship at the University of Virginia for a young man from the county. Thirty Crosses of Service have been given and four Crosses of Honor bestowed on descendants.

The Beverly-Elkins Chapter gave a brilliant reception in honor of the State President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, and Mrs. F. H. Barron, the retiring secretary of the Chapter, who was moving to another town.

McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, gave a prize of \$5 in gold for the best essay on Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston written by a high school student. A good program was rendered and much interest manifested. The Chapter also gave a Valentine Tea, from which quite a nice sum of money was realized.

SOUTHERN INDIFFERENCE.

The following letter from James L. Rodger, of Miami, Fla., is a just arraignment of Southern indifference to the South in history. We must overcome it. Mr. Rodgers says:

"I have always felt, and do yet feel, that the initiative in anything pertaining to the South should come from one Dixie born, 'to the manner born,' and not from one who was born entirely outside of the United States. Yet, in extenuation, I draw attention to the fact that the major portion of thirty years of my life has been spent in Dixie, and that I am in every fiber of my being in sympathy with Dixie's sons and daughters.

"Dixie's sons and daughters frequently say and write that there are—and there are—many of our Southern born people who do not know the past history of the South, and they are leaning toward strange gods. Or, if loyal to the traditions of their fathers, are unable to defend them because of insufficient historical data in their possession with which to do so.

"If I may make a kindly criticism of a people I love, I will say that there are too many Southern people who never, or seldom, read books on the South, do not know of their existence, and those who do read fail to make the most of advertising them to their friends. A Tallahassee, Fla., lady, a daughter of the Bradfords, of North Carolina, descendants of the historic governor of early Massachusetts, and widow of one of Thomas Jefferson's great grandsons, has written a little book whose praises I wish I had the time and space to sing. 'The Negro of the Old South,' one of the quaintest, most unusual, entrancingly interesting, and enlightening books I have read in a long time. Interesting and valuable though it is, as a picture of the slave niggers of sixty-five and seventy years, it is of infinitely greater value because of—more implied than stated—its account of the old planter class, the most misunderstood, most misrepresented, and most calumniated people in the world. Right now in Florida, and out of it, where there is a great demand for historical literature on Florida, this little classic—invaluable, which should never be allowed to die, not only because of its value as regional history, but in a larger sense, its value as a picture of the plantation of the old South in general—is little known in Florida and cannot be found in the best of our local book-

stores. And it should be read by and recommended by every Southerner. It is the sort of book to be owned by every daughter of the U. D. C., and every son of the S. C. V., and should be lent first to the 'light headed' in the South (and we have them, and with a tendency to apostasize and fall down and worship the golden calf set up in the wilderness of 'be all, be nothing'), and then lent to at least three Yankee neighbors, acquaintances, or friends, if there are any around.

"I have thought so much of 'The Negro of the Old South,' as an antidote to all the misconceptions many people have of what the negro was in slavery, and the misconceptions many have of the principles, intelligence, and civilization of the old-time planters that, as a gift for Christmas last year, I had various copies of it sent to friends, some in different parts of Florida, some in other States, some as far away as Washington, D. C., New York, and California, some away down South to Argentina, and some to England and Scotland.

"I am not Mrs. Eppes's publicity agent. I am a complete stranger to her. I write this without her knowledge or permission. I urge a more general reading of her book because of the beauty of it, because of its priceless value as a picture of the Old South, and because the reading of it will be another shell shot into the octopus of falsehoods told on the people of the Old South.

"In the eternal fitness of things' it should be a native-born son or daughter of Dixie to draw attention to this book, but as it is, 'Gentile' though I may be, every word I have herein written has back of it the sincere accord of every vibrant fiber of my being.

"Yours always for our beautiful and beloved Dixie.

"Yours always in the faith triumphant."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for June.

Secretary of the Treasury.

Christopher G. Memminger, of South Carolina, served from February 21, 1861, to July 18, 1864.

Have a loan exhibit of Confederate money.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

JUNE.

Georgia seceded January, 19, 1861.

Writer: Sidney Lanier.

"But O, not the hills of Habersham,
And O, not the valleys of Hall,
Shall hinder the rain from attending the plain,
For downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn and the mills are to ruin,
And a thousand meadows mortally yearn,
And the final main from beyond the plain.
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
And calls through the valleys of Hall."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



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SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

CONVENTION CALL.

My Dear Coworkers: The twenty-sixth annual convention of the C. S. M. A. is called to meet in Birmingham, Ala., on May 18 to 21. Meetings will be held in the ballroom of the Tutwiler Hotel mornings and afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday. The opening, or welcome, meeting to be held in Auditorium on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 18, when the governor of Alabama, our Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Commander in Chief, S. C. V., President General, U. D. C., President Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association, and other distinguished speakers will bring greetings and welcome, and every Memorial woman who expects to attend these meetings should allow nothing to prevent her being present at this, the most inspiring meeting of the convention. Let each Association send delegates who will fail not in attendance upon every session. Several matters of vital importance will require your attention. Reduced railroad rates have been secured, obtainable only by certificates. Secure these and make your reservations early if you desire to be at the Tutwiler Hotel, which is headquarters.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association is most happy to welcome the new Association just organized in Birmingham, with the following officers: President, Mrs. S. H. Gardner; First Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Scruggs; Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles G. Brown; Recording Secretary, Miss Foster; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Chapel Corey; Treasurer, Mrs. Watt T. Brown; Historian, Miss M. Adele Shaw. These splendid women are to be hostess to the C. S. M. A. at the coming convention, and we congratulate them and the city of Birmingham, in that they stand ready to carry forward the work started by their mothers and the oldest patriotic organization of women in America.

What is to be gained by attending these conventions? First, by comparison of work, a greater inspiration and special pride in the fact that we are memorializing our own mothers in carrying on the work for which they suffered and endured untold hardships that we might, through our days, tread a path beset with less of hardship and more of the joy of living. Then, again, to have a part in passing on to the younger generations the privilege of affiliation with the oldest patriotic organization of women in America. None the less to be appreciated is acquaintanceship and association of women who are striving to keep alive the sentiments and traditions of the Old South and to give effort toward making happier and brighter the lives of the beloved and honored veterans and their wives. The soul-stirring scenes when the heroes march

past to the strains of Dixie—all this and much more will be lost if you miss the reunion and C. S. M. A. convention. A glad welcome awaits you.

Cordially yours

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

BY MRS. JAMES R. ARMSTRONG, PRESIDENT.

Our President General, C. S. M. A., has asked for an article from our Association with regard to our "Life Mothers" or members. First, I must say that we have twenty-seven of these mothers, and they are "Precious." The oldest one, Mrs. William Gaunt, of Wagoner, Okla., celebrated her one hundredth birthday on February 21, and I have a letter written by her own dear hand that I prize most highly. She was most happy to become a member of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, since they have no Association in her town. Then, we have another "young lady" of just ninety-one years, who attended the C. S. M. A. convention in Dallas last year, and who hopes to attend the reunion in Birmingham, Ala., this year. She lives at Britton, Okla., and comes over for our meetings. She is our much-loved mother, Mrs. Adilia Neil. To become a "Life Mother," one must be the wife of a Confederate veteran who served honorably in the Confederate army, navy, or the civil service, or who loyally gave material aid or personal service to the Southern cause during the war, 1861-65. Our dues are fifty cents a year. These life mothers pay dues the first year upon coming into Association, but never thereafter. They are such an inspiration to our young women (and all see that they are brought to meetings). We have our programs from Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook, then some of our "Life Mothers" give a reading or a piano solo, and oftentimes reminiscences of the war, and sing a song. We have, in the past four years, lost three of our mothers—Mrs. Lydia Underwood, Mrs. C. Douglas, and Mrs. Laura Karns Ward. Now, haven't we been blessed in having these dear mothers with us? How we miss them when they pass away! A most wonderful record when you think of our mothers of that age.

We meet once a month, second Thursday, in the home of the President, as our mothers always remember the date if we do not change place of meeting, and it is a joy to have these saintly mothers in our home and leave their blessings upon us. We have a social hour and serve light refreshments,

have a birthday party once a year, serve luncheon, and give presents at that time.

Let me urge the young women of our Associations to see that their "Life Mothers" are brought to each meeting, for that is the one joy they look forward to from month to month.

We are now in the midst of our coin drive for Stone Mountain, and it is our hope that Oklahoma goes "over the top." What joy to know that our beloved President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, is to represent us as Chaperon of Honor for the South for the reunion. We are planning to come in a large body to the reunion. Our Association was the banner association at the Dallas convention—forty in number.

MAID OF HONOR FOR BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

The appointment of Miss Willie Fort Williams, of Atlanta, by the President General as Maid of Honor for the South, representing the C. S. M. A., comes as a reward of merit for the splendid part she has taken all her life in memorial work, and especially in the splendid success which has crowned her efforts with Atlanta Junior Memorial, as Directress since its organization. No more important work can be done than in training the children to carry on when our older women pass away.

Like every member of her family, Miss Williams has been an active member of the Senior Association, carrying her baskets of flowers, as a tiny little girl, to strew on the graves of our Confederate dead at beautiful Oakland. She later served as Corresponding Secretary, and following this as Directress of the Junior Association.

The Junior Memorial Association has increased yearly in membership and has done much interesting memorial work, the largest result of this being the raising of two hundred dollars for the President Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky. No organization was more enthusiastic than her girls and herself in the campaign for membership and in selling Memorial Coins for the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association, in both of which they were very successful. Their work this past year has been in raising money to pay for the enrollment of the names of the Confederate veterans at the Georgia Confederate Home on the Roll of Honor in the Stone Mountain Memorial Hall.

Miss Williams is an excellent exponent of the too-often forgotten principle that "what we learn in childhood follows us through life," and the vital importance of being sure that the true history of our Southern heroes and heroines is taught earnestly and fairly in our homes and schools. It has in too many instances been neglected and in many also taught unfairly. To do all in their power to remedy this is always the effort of every organization with which she is connected.

FINE CONFEDERATE LINEAGE.

Miss Mattie E. Johnson, Mebane, N. C., daughter of a brave Confederate soldier, writes of her Confederate lineage on her mother's side, of which she is also proud. Her mother was Susannah Elizabeth Weaver, daughter of Amos Weaver, of North Carolina, a pioneer minister of the gospel who was too old to enter the Confederate service, but gave four sons to the cause of the South, to which he was ever loyal. One of these sons was Franklin Harrison Weaver, third lieutenant of Fayette, N. C., troops, killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1863. At the time he volunteered he was a student at Trinity College. He was a brave and fearless soldier. In one of the battles in Virginia, when the color

bearer was shot down, he grabbed the colors and carried them safely through.

The next brother was George Washington Weaver, first lieutenant, 33rd North Carolina troops; killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863.

The third brother was Preston Decalb Weaver, private and corporal in the 14th North Carolina Regiment, from Lexington, his company being the Lexington Volunteers; was wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill. He lived at Greensboro, N. C., after the war and reared a family, but died from the effects of his wound in 1890. His oldest son, Rufus Washington Weaver, is a Baptist minister, now president of Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

The fourth brother, Henry Clay Weaver, was born in North Carolina, but served with the 4th Georgia Regiment; was wounded in the face and lost an eye, but lived for many years after the war.

A FRIEND IN DEED.

BY MRS. M. M. BROWNSON, VICTORIA, TEX.

Memorial Day will soon be here again, and, "Lest We Forget," let me give a reminiscence of that golden-hearted friend of our boys at Camp Chase, Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio. In the autumn of 1912, I made the journey to Columbus for the purpose of locating the grave of a young soldier from Texas who was taken prisoner at Pine Bluff and died at Camp Chase. I called on Colonel Knauss at his office and told my errand. He called by phone the President of the U. D. C. Chapter, but she could not come, so he took down a key to Camp Chase, and we went there in a street car. He told me he first hired a man to clean up the cemetery, upon which cows were grazing. After he erected the arch dedicated to "Americans," he engaged a guard by day and night for some time. Then he induced Governor McKinley to put up headstones, with number and name to each grave. This was accomplished by act of Congress.

At his home he showed me many gold badges, saying he had received five hundred by actual count. One was given by the Louisiana United Confederate Veterans, and one came from Kentucky, each with his name and stars of a colonel's rank. He greatly prized one of ribbon, which was pinned on him by his wife when he returned from the war.

When Gen. Fitzhugh Lee appointed him on his staff during the Spanish-American War, it was somewhat talked about in the city of Columbus, to which General Lee replied in a military document, which read:

"Col. William H. Knauss, U. S. A., appointed on my staff for active service or honorary, as he chooses," and this was displayed in windows of the newspapers in the city of Columbus.

Colonel Knauss was of Dutch descent, of powerful build, and must have made an imposing picture in parade. He offered to give a United States flag to any school in the Union that applied to him, and placed many in this way. He has been dead for some years, but should forever live in the hearts of the Southern people.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, June 5, 1926. Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio. Send money to Miss Virginia Heiston, 1805 Franklin Avenue, and flowers to Mrs. L. H. Rose, 729 Oakwook Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

MRS. LEROY H. ROSE, *President*.

Approved by President General, U. D. C.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
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ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

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OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA'S "PATRIOTIC" G. A. R.

Those now well-known resolutions of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., wherein General Lee is indicted as an "arch-traitor," who if he had received "his just dues would have been hanged and the scaffold preserved as a monument to his infamy," bring little surprise to those who have followed and known of G. A. R. resolutions for years past. Lack of space forbids the publication of the complete set of resolutions, which start off calling attention to the effort of the "so-called Daughters of the Confederacy" to secure possession of Arlington for preservation as a memorial to Lee, and go on through a lot of balderdash and billingsgate to resolve that "we protest against any official recognition of any and all organizations bearing the name Confederate or Confederacy and having for their object the perpetuation of the memory of the rebellion and those identified with it." This includes a good lot of us.

Now that almost all the real soldiers are dead, there seems to be left here and there a grouping of vicious old men who certainly do not act as though they had ever been real soldiers, and who by their conduct raise the suspicion that they are not of American stock, but come of that horde of foreign mercenary troops bought by the North to help crush the Confederacy. Those who escaped, and they were a large lot, for they were never in much danger, we are assured, have clamored for pensions and lived dissolute lives in our Northern Soldiers' Homes ever since, a national reproach and disgrace. Of such as these, we feel, are bred such disgraceful and non-American sentiments as these resolutions set forth. That a people should not honor their heroic dead, but should be reproached for doing so, is a code which cannot meet the approval of any honorable or right-minded people of any clime or country. With the intelligent world placing Lee as America's first soldier, and with his type of manhood acknowledged everywhere as a guiding star to those who would stand before mankind without fear and without reproach, these vile utterances of this G. A. R. Post cannot fail, and do not fail, to meet the scorn and contempt of decent people everywhere. Our Southern editors have met the calumny with great restraint. As so many of them are Lincoln addicts, hopelessly befogged in the great myth, only some real or supposed attack upon *his* apotheosis can bring from them extended or vehement comment. The attack upon Lee is met with great composure.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,

ARMY OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT,

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, DUNCAN, OKLA.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

To be read before every Camp of the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department.

I hereby announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my official staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, R. H. Brown, Duncan, Okla.

Department Quartermaster, B. T. Leonard, Duncan, Okla.

Department Inspector, Joe H. Ford, Wagoner, Okla.

Department Commissary, A. B. Ferguson, Duncan, Okla.

Department Judge Advocate, Ed S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.

Department Surgeon, Dr. J. E. Jones, Galveston, Tex.

Department Historian, Luther Harrison, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Department Chaplain, Rev. James E. McConnell, Duncan, Okla.

Assistant Department Adjutants.

J. R. Riley, Jr., Little Rock, Ark.

Joe J. Miller, Chickasha, Okla.

Chester W. Brown, 1210 Southwestern Life Building, Dallas, Tex.

Assistant Department Quartermasters.

Roy L. Billheimer, Jr., 111 East Fifth Street, Little Rock, Ark.

S. J. Brown, Duncan, Okla.

Elgin H. Blalock, Port Arthur, Tex.

Assistant Department Commissaries.

Walter Ferguson, Marlow, Okla.

J. O. Parr, Oklahoma City, Okla.

W. W. Williamson, Russellville, Ark.

Assistant Department Inspectors.

John Ralls, Comanche, Okla.

Deb Jones, Duncan, Okla.

Tom L. Wade, Marlow, Okla.

Assistant Department Judge Advocates.

Hon. Jed Johnson, Anadarko, Okla.
 Hon. Ben F. Saye, Duncan, Okla.
 Hon. D. Sullivan, Duncan, Okla.

Assistant Department Historians.

Fred Lugenbyhl, Chickasha, Okla.
 Joe McArthur, Marlow, Okla.
 A. L. Davis, Chickasha, Okla.

Assistant Department Surgeons.

L. V. Smith, Floydada, Tex.
 Dr. W. S. Ivy, Duncan, Okla.
 Dr. S. R. Bates, Wagoner, Okla.

Assistant Department Chaplains.

Rev. John Abernathy, Chickasha, Okla.
 Rev. Harney McGehee, Edmond, Okla.
 Rev. H. D. Morton, Mountain Home, Ark.
 By order of: L. A. MORTON, *Commander.*
 Official:
 R. H. BROWN, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

Ladies on Staff.

Matron, Mrs. P. L. Martin, Fort, Tex.
 Chaperon, Mrs. J. H. McDonald, Chickasha, Okla.
 Maid, Elizabeth Ganner, Russellville, Ark.
 Maid, Janise Maloney, Quanah, Tex.
 Maid, Mary Louise Carr, Oklahoma City, Okla.

ROANOKE, VA., CAMP.

Albert Sydney Johnston Camp, No. 3, of Roanoke, Va., reports the following list of officers elected: [Mr. Adjutant please send your future reports direct to editor of this department.]

Commander, R. A. O'Brien; First Lieutenant Commander, R. H. Angell; Second Lieutenant Commander, J. St. Clair Brown; Judge Advocate, ex-Governor E. Lee Trinkle; Historian, Col. J. P. Woods; Surgeon, L. D. Keyser; Adjutant, O. W. Huddleston; Color Sergeant, Broadus Chewning; Quartermaster, Corbin Glass; Treasurer, G. N. Dickerson; Chaplain, Rev. R. S. Owens.

TEXAS BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

State Commander Lon A. Smith, Sons of Confederate Veterans, announces appointment of Brigade Commanders for his Division as follows:

- No. 1. John M. Henderson, Daingerfield, Tex.
- No. 2. Elgin H. Blalock, Port Arthur, Tex.
- No. 3. W. R. Hughes, Longview, Tex.
- No. 4. Frank Brame, Greenville, Tex.
- No. 5. Charles G. Hickcox, Dallas, Tex.
- No. 6. W. C. Davis, Bryan, Tex.
- No. 8. Jesse Mosely, Houston, Tex.
- No. 9. W. W. Bouldin, Bay City, Tex.
- No. 10. Raymond Brooks, Austin, Tex.
- No. 11. R. P. Gresham, Temple, Tex.
- No. 12. Hugh Small, Fort Worth, Tex.
- No. 13. Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
- No. 14. J. L. Lytle, San Antonio, Tex.
- No. 15. R. L. Bobbitt, Laredo, Tex.
- No. 16. C. E. Kelly, El Paso, Tex.
- No. 17. Thomas A. Bledsoe, Abilene, Tex.
- No. 18. T. B. Bussell, Plainview, Tex.

Each Congressional District constitutes a brigade carrying same number as Congressional District.

BIRMINGHAM CAMP.

Camp Wheeler-Ferguson, of Birmingham, reports the election of the following officers:

William M. Spencer, Jr., Commander; Fred G. Moore, First Lieutenant Commander; J. W. Brazeal, Second Lieutenant Commander; Andrew J. Thomas, Adjutant; Judge William E. Fort, Judge Advocate; Dr. D. L. Wilkinson, Surgeon; William A. Rose, Jr., Quartermaster; W. C. O'Ferrall, Treasurer; W. J. Boles, Historian.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Those who knew Charleston well, love her. She has also had and has her share of hate. Halleck wanted to raze her to the ground and sow the site with salt. Sherman's mouth drooled with anticipation as he pursued his Hunlike way up the coast in her direction in his "March." McClellan even, that best of Union generals, admitted he hated two places in this country equally—Charleston and Boston! It seems there are suspicions that Yank hate still pursues her. A special correspondent wires the *Columbia State* that "not satisfied with doing one thing after another to cripple the business life of Charleston, the government at Washington is now hoping to find some way to sell old Fort Moultrie."

This correspondent claims that "it is apparent that everything possible is being done by the government to hurt the Navy Yard, to let the Cooper River fill up with silt, and to choke off business development in Charleston."

Well, stranger things have happened than that this insane hate the Lincoln government and the Reconstruction government had for this fair Southern city should smolder now, perhaps subconsciously in some cases, in Yankee official circles. This in spite of the supremely ludicrous proposal of a beaming Congressman from Georgia, who rises in Congress to propose a joint memorial monument to Lincoln and Grant and Lee and Jackson, costing \$500,000, to commemorate "the good feeling and love now existing between all parts of our now united country." This benign gentleman needs to shake his head a bit, gather his wits, and try to snap out of it.

PRISON REMINISCENCES.

BY J. A. TEMPLETON, JACKSONVILLE, TEX.

Yes, I am a friend of the VETERAN and only wish our younger people would take more interest in keeping it going. From the time I received a sample copy away back in 1892, or 1893, I have been a reader, and now when I get my mail and there is a VETERAN in it I lay aside everything else and look over the pages, especially the "Last Roll."

I spent two winters in Chicago during the War between the States and came near freezing to death. The first day of January, 1864, was the coldest day experienced while there. I wonder how many of my old comrades are alive out of the four thousand prisoners there at that time? I entered the "big gate" about nine o'clock October 4, 1863, from the battle field of Chickamauga, with about 500 other prisoners, and made my exit on May 4, 1865, about the same hour in the morning. This gave me nineteen months' "experience" as a prisoner of war. I was only in the dungeon once, which goes to show that I was a model prisoner. My offense was purloining some pieces of plank to construct a tunnel. In this high crime I had two partners from an Arkansas regiment, who have long since joined the silent majority.

After General Hood made his disastrous campaign in Tennessee in the last days of 1864, our prison was filled to

overflowing. Many were barefoot, and the bitter cold caused many to lose their feet, fingers, and ears. Our country down here in Texas had many maimed soldiers. The State had no pension fund, but generously gave all who had lost limbs two sections (1,280 acres) of land. This was in the shape of land scrip, and wherever there was vacant land, the allotment could be located by any surveyor authorized by the State. But our poor maimed soldiers could not raise the necessary money to locate their land; hence they had to sell their scrip for any price they could get. These 1,280-acre certificates often sold for \$100, which gave a lot of land sharks some very cheap land. I remember well one poor fellow who found his way to this neighborhood. His feet had been frozen while in Camp Douglas, necessitating their amputation. He improvised two wooden pegs as substitutes for feet and hobbled around surprisingly well. He made cotton baskets out of white oak timber, this being before cotton sacks had been adopted for gathering cotton. These baskets sold enormously high out in the prairies of Texas, where there was no basket timber. I was selling goods at the time and shipped these baskets for my old comrade and gave him every cent his baskets brought, and he thus got along very well. He never forgot the favor. . . . I could write many chapters on my prison life in Camp Douglas.

WHERE ASHBY FELL.

BY GORDON HURLBUTT.

I sit beside the silent stone
That marks where Ashby fell
With God and solemn thoughts alone,
Thoughts that no pen can tell.

War raged there on that fateful day,
And Nature wept in blood;
But now in every woodland lay
Peace sings her joyous mood.

A thorn bush by the granite stands
Where Ashby met his God;
And spotless from sweet nature's hands,
Thick grows the goldenrod.

True symbols of his sacrifice
In duty's thorny path,
And his reward above all price
In heaven's aftermath.

Ah, soldier of the long ago,
Who bravely paid the cost!
Thou yet shalt know it is not so
Thy righteous cause was lost.

Ah, leader of the patriot gray,
Who died, thou yet shalt live
To witness in life's endless day
How blessed it is to give!

For though the world forgets who bled
Sweet life out on this sod,
Each crimson drop that thou didst shed
Throbs in the heart of God!

At Ashby's Monument, Harrisonburg, Va., September 1, 1924.

On a quiet woodland spot on the brow of a hill in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, there is a granite shaft bearing the following inscription: "Gen. Turner Ashby, C. S. A., was killed on this spot, June 6, 1862, gallantly leading a charge."

SURVIVORS OF TWO TENNESSEE REGIMENTS.

W. S. Chapman, of Indianola, Miss., wants to get in communication with any survivors of the 12th and 47th Tennessee Regiments, of which he says: "The following list shows forty-one members of the two regiments, the 12th and 47th Tennessee, which, when turned over to General Hood, aggregated at least thirteen hundred men. I am trying to hear from some of the men here listed and trust by this publication to locate some of them. I belonged to Captain Hale's company, but have not found any of them in Gibson County. These are the men of the 12th and 47th Tennessee surrendered to General Sherman near High Point, N. C., in April, 1865:

Captain, J. R. Booth; first lieutenant, W. H. Mangrum; second lieutenant, R. M. Hooker; first sergeant, M. R. Hendricks; second sergeant, R. D. Curd; third sergeant, W. S. Chapman; second corporal, W. S. Bond; third corporal, W. T. Kellow; fourth corporal, John Rily. Privates: I. M. Abbott, J. T. Brown, W. M. Bell, R. E. Bumpass, J. T. Bowden, H. A. Dunlap, M. M. Flowers, J. B. Hamilton, J. K. P. Harrell, T. W. James, S. J. Kellow, J. D. Davis, A. G. McDearmon, J. C. McDearmon, W. D. Prewitt, I. B. Patterson, J. N. Snow, I. N. Robinson, S. D. Reevis (probably correct), A. W. Rily, T. J. Rily, Samuel Ruckman, I. R. Simmons, Samuel C. Thomas, D. Welty, John Welty, J. J. Yates, W. H. Price, N. A. Cresap, W. M. Watkins.

W. M. Watkins was a colonel but was willing to become a private.

A CORRECTION.—Mrs. John Jones, of Braddock Heights, Md., writes: "Please allow me to correct a mistake in the article by Calvin B. Vance in the April VETERAN, in which he says that the Yankee commander, General Stone, was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, Va. The commander was General Baker who was killed. When he passed through Poolesville, Md., on his way, he said that President Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers for ninety days, 'but we will not need them for that long, as we will wipe out this rebellion in less than sixty days,' he said. The writer of this heard him make that remark, and after he was killed, he was brought back to the village and laid out in the parlor of the house where the remark was made. . . . Another mistake in the article, I don't think any artillery was used in that battle. The Yankees were attacked so suddenly, and, not being aware that the Confederates were so near, they were repulsed so quickly that they did not get artillery across the Potomac River."

HARD ON THE WOMEN.—A little story on that famous "fireman," Sherman, was brought out in a conversation on the statues in New York City, and especially that of Sherman at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park, which has a female figure in front—evidently a *guiding angel*. A bride from Georgia was in New York on her wedding trip and asked who was the man who had a girl to lead his horse. When she was told, she groaned out: "Now, isn't that just like Sherman—to let the woman walk?" Another story on this city's famous (?) statues is of the Washington statue in Union Square. A wealthy miser refused to contribute to the fund on the ground that he didn't need a statue to remind him of Washington—he had Washington in his heart. The disappointed solicitor retorted that it was not the first time Washington had been in a tight place.

WANTED.—Representative in each community with missionary zeal to acquaint people of the splendid record by the South in literature.

An attractive proposition is made for bringing this splendid university movement to the attention of our cultured people. Clubs and club members are co-operating, sometimes using proceeds to further club work. Contains remarkable study courses in Southern literature, history, etc., for club, school, and individual use. Invaluable for the information of the youth in our traditions and ideals. See back cover page of *VETERAN*. Write to-day for particulars.

THE MARTIN & HOYT CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER.

(Published by request).

Almighty God and most merciful Father, who didst command the children of Israel to offer a daily sacrifice to thee, that thereby they might glorify and praise thee for thy protection both night and day; receive, O Lord, my morning sacrifice which I now offer up to thee. I yield thee humble and hearty thanks that thou hast preserved me from the dangers of the night past and brought me to the light of this day and the comforts thereof, a day which is consecrated to thine own service and for thine own honor.

Let my heart, therefore, Gracious God, be so affected with the glory and majesty of it that I may not do mine own works, but wait on thee and discharge those weighty duties thou requirest of me; and since thou art a God of pure eyes and wilt be sanctified in all who draw near unto thee, who dost not regard the sacrifice of fools, nor hear sinners who tread in thy courts, pardon, I beseech thee, my sins, remove them from thy presence, as far as the east is from the west, and accept of me for the merits of thy Son, Jesus Christ, that when I come into thy temple and compass thine altar, my prayer may come before thee as incense; and as thou wouldst hear me calling upon thee in my prayers, so give me grace to hear thee calling on me in thy word, that it may be wisdom, righteousness, reconciliation, and peace to the saving of my soul in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Grant that I may hear it with reverence, receive it with meekness, mingle it with faith, and that it may accomplish in me, Gracious God, the good work for which thou hast sent it. Bless my family, kindred, friends, and country. Be our God and guide this day and forever for his sake who lay down in the grave and arose again for us, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen—*George Washington's prayer, written by him when twenty years old, as it appeared in the New York Times, February 21, 1926.*

PENSIONS AND ANNUITIES.—In the article on "Pensions and Pensioners of the Government," in the *VETERAN* for March, an error was made in referring to retired civil service employes as pensioners, as they are recipients of annuities from a fund which is created by retaining a certain per cent of their salaries until their retirement, which is then returned to them in the form of an annuity. This error has been corrected by one of the *VETERAN*'s contributors, who writes: "The war veterans very justly receive their pensions from money paid into the United States Treasury by the taxpayers of the country, but the civil service retirement and disability fund was created by an act of Congress approved May 20, 1920, and such fund amounted to \$53,615,060.88, as of June 30, 1925, with disbursements for that fiscal year of over eight million dollars, leaving a tidy sum as balance on hand. This annuity fund is administered through the Pension Office without further charge on it.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The year is passing, and whether this special committee is to report substantial gains in disposing of its obligation this year depends on the delinquent Divisions. It is encouraging to report that letters have been received from many of the Division leaders expressing interest and many future plans. Georgia and Virginia are in the lead.

We have reason to believe that quite a number of the small U. D. C. Divisions will finish this special work this year. The Boston Chapter recently sent in a fine order. This Chapter has a splendid record. With an original quota of ten copies, the report reads to date *sixty-three* copies.

Faithfully yours, MRS EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.
Fairmont, W. Va.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

BY MISS MARY KERN CRABILL, TOM'S BROOK, VA.

The article in the *VETERAN* telling how the Southern ladies used bark from certain trees to make dye for coloring the yarn for their homespun dresses brought to my mind the true story of a homespun dress which I, as a child, watched from start to finish. The wool was dyed, spun into yarn and woven into cloth, from which the dress was made. The color was cadet gray, the trimming was Confederate wooden buttons covered with black cloth, for which a coat which had been relegated to the attic was utilized. When finished the dress was one which any lady might be proud to wear, but alas! that pleasure was accorded to the lady but few times. A message was received stating that the Yankee army was coming up the Valley, pillaging and taking everything they wanted. The dress was packed in a box with a lot of bed clothes and other valuables and conveyed across the Shenandoah River to the foot of the Massanutten Mountain, to a house where a family of free negroes, locally known as "Black Jacks," lived. The Yankees crossed the river, searched the house, found the box, and took the contents. That was the last we knew of Fannie's dress. The dress was made by Miss Fannie A. Ebert, of Tom's Brook, Va., who, on December 22, 1870, became the bride of my brother, B. R. Crabill, who served in Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's (Laurel) Brigade until the surrender. In August, 1888, they moved to Monroeville, Ind., where they now reside.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by company.

J. A. JOEL & CO.



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Sulphur Springs; also have fine col-
lection of Antiques for sale, and
old handmade coverlets, patchwork
quilts, pictures, etc.

MRS. J. V. WHITE, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Any surviving comrades or friends
of Thomas U. Pinkerton, who served
with Company C, 41st Tennessee In-
fantry, are asked to communicate with
George Fleming, of Wichita Falls, Tex.,
in the interest of securing a pension for
his widow. Comrade Pinkerton en-
listed in November, 1861, at Camp
Trousdale, was made first sergeant,
and later promoted to third lieutenant.
His residence was Lincoln County, Tenn.
Any information will be appreciated.

For historical and genealogical in-
formation, I would like to communicate
with some descendant of Elijah Robert-
son, who was the brother of Gen.
James Robertson. In "Recollections
of Nashville," by Willoughby Williams,
it is said that the sons of Elijah Robert-
son were Sterling R. Robertson and
Eldridge Robertson, who were "promi-
nent men who lived in Nashville and
afterwards moved to Giles County,
Tenn. This same Sterling Robertson
obtained a grant from the Mexican
government for lands in Texas on the
Brazos River where he settled a colony
which is known as 'Robertson's Colony'
to this day." Kindly address Mrs. O. Z.
Bond, Minerva Post Office, Terrebonne
Parish, La.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of
the word 'matrimony,' Robert?"

Bobby: "Pa says it isn't a word;
it's a sentence."

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear
Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were
formerly deaf, now
hear distinctly every
sound—even whisoors
do not escape them.
Their life of loneliness
has ended and all is now
joy and sunshine. The
impaired or lacking por-
tions of their ear drums
have been reinforced by
simple little devices,
scientifically construct-
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often called "Little Wire-less Phones for the Ears"
are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of
deafness or defective hearing from causes such as
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Discharge from Ears, etc. No
matter what the case or how long stand-
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velous results. Common-Sense Drums
strengthen the nerves of the ears and con-
centrate the sound waves on one point of
the natural drums, thus success-
fully restoring perfect hearing
where medical skill even fails to
help. They are made of a soft
sensitized material, comfortable
and safe to wear. They are easily
adjusted by the wearer and
out of sight when worn.
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thousands of others will help you.
Don't delay. Write today for
our FREE 168 page Book on
Deafness—giving you full par-
ticulars.



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J. A. Wheeler, of Sweeney, Tex., says
he was known in the army by the name
of "Jane," being a slim little smooth-
faced boy, and he now wants to hear
from any surviving members of his old
company, F, of the 23rd Tennessee
Regiment, or any other comrades who
remember him.

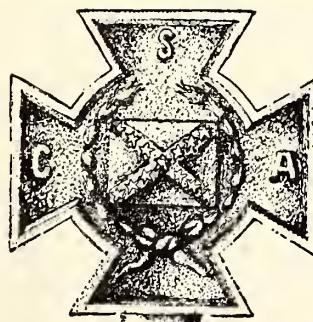
Gideon L. Roach, Hondo, Los Angeles
County, Calif., is very anxious to get in
communication with any surviving
comrades of Company D, Capt. John
M. Galloway, of the 63rd North
Carolina Regiment, Colonel Evans,
Barringer's Brigade. This company
went out from Rockingham County.

Dr. Robert K. Bailey, of Centerville,
Tenn., is trying to secure the war record
of Prof. John E. Bailey, who came to
Nashville, Tenn., about 1868, and for
many years taught music in the city
schools. It is thought that he served
with Company —, of the —Virginia-
North Carolina Regiment, and that
he commanded his company. Any
information of his service will be ap-
preciated.

Almost two-thirds of the student
body of Transylvania College, Kentucky
earn by their own labor all or part of
their college expenses.



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We
Forget"



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inches, painted black or gray, and
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